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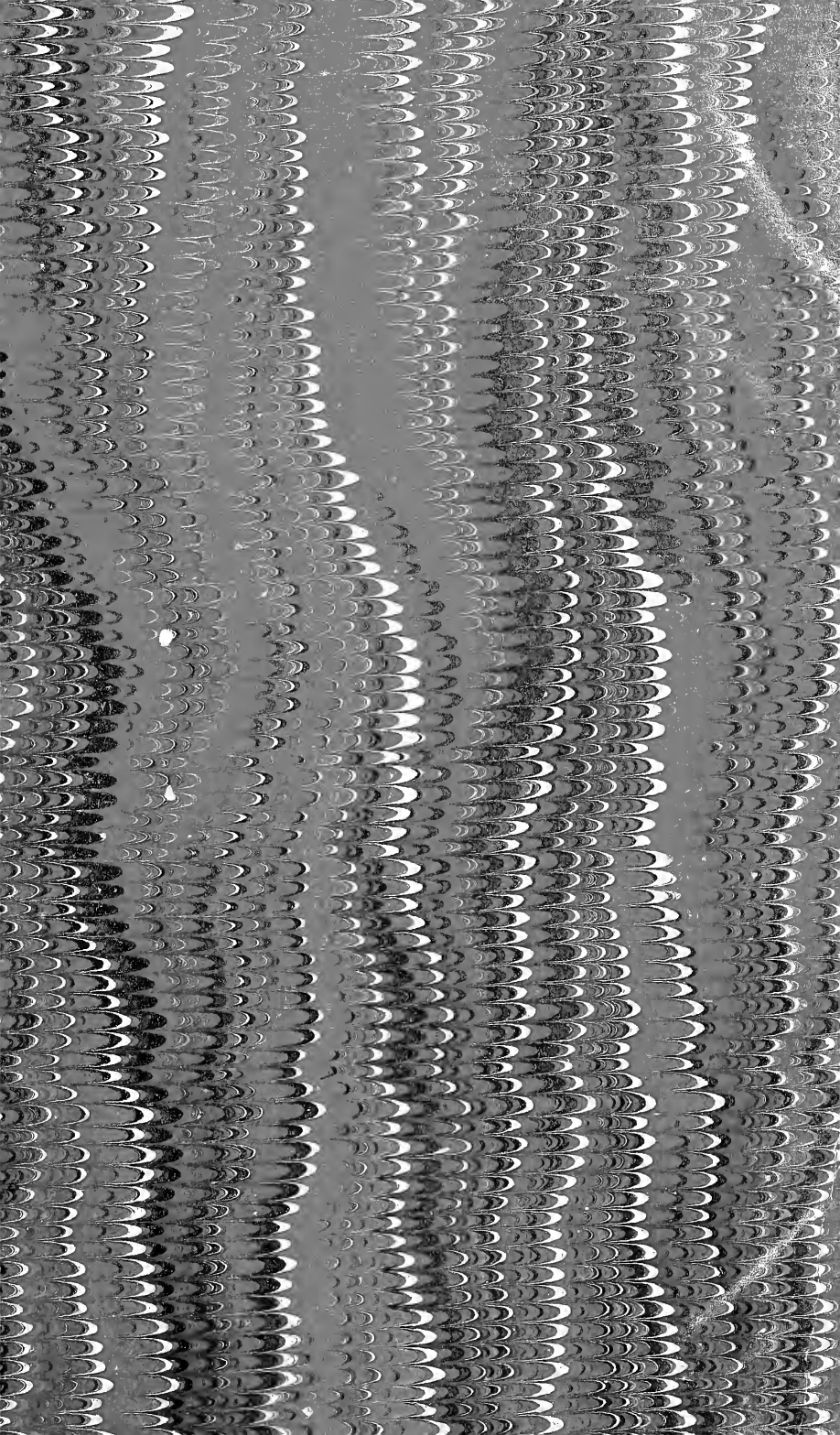
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PADDY PUNGENT;



OR,

A RAMBLING IRISHMAN,
RIGHT FROM THE OULD SOD.

BY

J. M. DOHERTY.

SAN FRANCISCO:

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS

417 Clay Street, between Sansome and Battery.

1867.

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111 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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J. M. DOHERTY.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1867, by

J. M. DOHERTY,

in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the
District of California.



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JOS. WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS

417 Clay Street, between Sansome and Battery.

1867.

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" If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter * * * then he may go on fearless ; and this is the course I take myself."

DE FOE.

PADDY PUNGENT; OR, A RAMBLING IRISHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from San Francisco.—California.—A lovely Land.—Acapulco.—Various Sailing Scenes.—Arrival in New York.—Crossing the Banks.—Arrival in Liverpool.—The Colonization Theory.—A Bould Fenian Boy.—Dublin Bay.—A Model Landlord.—Petticoat Lane.—Phœnix Park.—Dean Swift.—Tom Moore.—Irish Jaunting Cars.

“But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and you determine.
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.”—*Burns.*

SOME men are born rich, some poor, some handsome and some homely. Some live respected by all who know them, a long useful and happy life, while others, with advantages entirely equal, are so constituted that all the wealth of California could not make them either useful, respected or happy. Countless, thousands are compelled to toil and suffer during their entire wearisome lives and not a few are doomed to deprivation, despair and death, right in the midst of the favored few who revel in luxury and riot in excess. Some come

into the world comparatively poor and through life are bound to have both wealth and honors thirst upon them, while others sink honors, energy and ambition, beneath the foundation of the old homestead in which they live and die. And others still there are in this eventful world of ours, where every man must at some time or other, feel helpless against the fetters of circumstances and powerless to escape from them, who are doomed to drift about by every wind and tide from one end of the earth to the other.

The Arabs say that a man's fate is written upon his skull, and I suppose mine was to travel, for since I first ran as a rustling little bog-trotter, with a "Reading made Easy" and two sods of turf under my arm, to a college behind a quick-set hedge in the bogs of Tyrone, I have been continually on the trot. —But although my life has been a rather eventful one, I would not write its history.

A brief sketch of a trip from San Francisco to Dublin, and a short chapter on what may be met with now a days, in the land of Paddy, with a few practical reflections by the way, as the preachers say, are all I shall attempt for the present. Well, it was just about a month, after the commencement of the last rainy season that I started from San Francisco and as if by concerted plan to make things look more fresh and beautiful on my departure it had rained just enough the night before to deepen the green on our huge hill sides and perfume the flowers which bloom perpetually around their base. I love this so called rainy season of California,—I love it because it so much resembles an Irish April—I love it for its clear and cloud-

less nights, its bright and cheerful mornings, its bursts of glorious sunshine and snatches of warm rain—I love it for its very fickleness. As I stepped on board the Panama Steamer at Folsom street wharf, her last bell was ringing energetically, and great clouds of black smoke from her smokestacks penetrated the purest atmosphere that ever man breathed. As we steamed down the harbor, a soft dewy shower blended the earth and sky and as it added new beauty to the tender green of the one and celestial blue of the other, it tempered the heat of the sun. And as it cleared away it was sweet to see those treeless old hills, which hem in the Golden Gate and the lovely bay, clothed in green and studded all over with peaceful homes, with the stately mansions of the rich and the simple cottages of competence. Rounding Telegraph Hill, the big guns of Black Point and Fort Alcatraz, frowned a farewell to us and then, scattering in picturesque squares over the spacious plain, came the Presidio Barracks; and then again we looked—what less could we do—at the lovely little nook right opposite. Why has this sweet little spot not become better known to San Franciscans? Entombed between two great mountain ridges, which slope down to the waters edge, the green secluded vale lies in almost fatiguing calmness; while all around the huge headlands the immense Pacific tosses itself into a thousand convulsions, ever putting on a new appearance of sublimity in its mad career. Now it rises like an angry flood to beat down the huge rocks, and now as if aware of the wild attempt it leaps back in mad fury, breaks into a thousand ripples and runs off to gambol with the tiny shells along the shore. Like her climate and soil,

the scenery of California, for beauty and sublimity, cannot be surpassed. Such broad blue fields of water, such magnificent mountains and infinite distance of landscape, such a luxury of lights and shades, and above all, such a balmy extatic atmosphere.

Barren and naked and uninviting as the brown hilly shores of California appear at first sight, the wonderful beauty and fertility of the valleys, which stretch back from the rock bound shores, wherein the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air revel in lovely groves and generous pastures ; the majestic grandeur of the interior forests ; the rich coloring and strangely fantastic forms of the mountains, all, taken together with the bright and glorious sunshine which pours down from morning till night, a generous flood of light on both sea and land, combine to make California the most desirable country on earth to dwell in. But, California is besides, a region of wonderful variety of production. Above all other lands, it is emphatically the land of the fig, the grape, the orange, the olive and the pomegranate.

If only one-half of the capabilities of the soil and the advantages of the climate of California were known in the Atlantic States and in Europe, the country would be overrun with millions of population in a single year. For my part nothing on earth could induce me to live away from California. Standing then, as I did on the deck of a princely steamer as she majestically parted the placid waters, where, a few years before Mr. Indian, with his wife and all his worldly goods beside him, paddled his rude canoe ; what more could I say, than " for a while, sweet land, farewell !" But we could fancy that

we saw the lone Indian, when the splash of his paddle and the surge of the Pacific alone disturbed the solitude of the scene. To-day a populous and wealthy city stands upon the ashes of his camping ground and the earnest din of the anvil, the sharp shriek of the steam whistle, and the busy hum of human voices make music in concert with the wild waves in their play. Thinking of Mr. Indian and his canoe, brought vividly to our recollection, many of the forms and ways by which our fathers "went upon the waters."

We thought of the slime-doubled basket of the Assyrian, and its loin-clad owners; of Tungoosees, chaunting strange hymns to diabolic gods, as with heavy paddles in a hollow tree, they wounded the waters; of the heavy Scandinavian bark—the trunks of two hollow trees conjoined—and of the Egyptian Charon, which the Greeks, in their clumsy confounding of theology with fact, styled an infernal monster. Turning from these simple structures, which in their day and generation were considered monuments of human invention, to the magnificent steam propelled ship, which carried us swiftly over an ocean, on which our ancestors dare not venture, except to crawl around its coast, we could not but wonder where, those who assert that mankind are deteriorating, expect to find facts to bear them out. The steamship has superseded the canoe; the Telegraph has taken the place of the carrier pigeon, and our Columbiads have blown the bow and arrow into oblivion; but with all this great and substantial progress before our eyes, we must still cling with vulgar tenacity, to theories that were barely sufficient to humbug men in the days, when bows and ar-

rows, canoes and carrier pigeons, were the order of the day. At Acapulco, we found the French in force, where, during the day, they held quiet possession of the town ; but during the night, it was disputed territory, for the old Mexican veteran, General Alveras, who with a small band of Mexican patriots, still held a pass in the Coast Range of mountains—a pass where :

“A hundred men might guard the post
With hardihood, against a host.”

—renewed his claims to it nightly. At the approach of night the French invariably retired inside of their fortifications, and then ordered everybody who might have occasion to move about after sunset, to carry a lamp. Those who had the hardihood to disobey the order and venture abroad after dark, without throwing a light on the subject, were sure to be shot down by the French sentinels, while to keep things lively the liberal forces blazed away at a light as long as it flickered ; so between the two fires, the poor devils, who were compelled to stay in the place, had a pretty time of it.

Owing to the very generous and humane decrees of the “Emperor” Maximilian, Mexico was then a very desirable place to—die in ; and the best of it was, that no matter whether the bullets by which the faithful received their purgatorial pass, were propelled by native or imported powder absolution, was always obtainable. To describe at great length, the trip from San Francisco to New York, would I fear, be like telling a thrice told tale ; so I will simply say, that we reached Panama in good health, crossed the Isthmus of Darien in short order, (thanks to that monument of American en-

ergy, the Panama Railroad) and re-embarked cheerfully on board the "New York," at Aspinwall.

On passing through the West Indies, we could not, however, retain our thoughts from again wandering back into the pages of the past. We thought of Columbus, pacing his deck like a discontented spirit in these waters, during his marvelous quest for an unknown land, when men and oceans and winds seemed warring against him; of the watch of Mahommed's sailors upon the Bosphorus, when they guarded the doomed city of Constantine against relief by sea; of Washington crossing the Delaware on that dark and cold December night, when the river was filled with floating ice, and of Farragut's fleet ascending the Mississippi in the face of a storm of red hot shot, hissing shells and seething fire-rafts, which threatened destruction on every hand. Upon all these sailing scenes, we might dilate fully, did the time permit:

We might even say something about "Burnside Crossing the Rappahannock" and about the "voyages" of the busy, but eccentric Mr. Pepys from Mort Lake to London, a thing which he in his day thought quite venturesome, and all because he had to "shoot" the old London Bridge at 2 o'clock in the night.

Well shooting the old London Bridge at such an hour of the night, and in such an age, when eleven shillings a quarter had to be paid to the parish constable for keeping away the witches, was indeed a dangerous exploit, but in these degenerate days, when raftsmen, flat-boatmen, and even miners from Montana, follow the meanderings of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers from the mountains to their mouths, his ex-

plot does not seem quite so daring. But let the "mighty Missouri roll down to the sea," and let the Thames ripple on too, as it did two hundred years ago, while the good ship bears me quickly towards the distant Saxon shore, and while I pass the time in social conversation with the sons and daughters of Saxons whose remote ancestors, too, tracked down a stream to the "far off" Baltic Sea.

The entire trip to New York was a pleasant one, and very favorable to the development of the tender passion. The females were generally left to take care of themselves, and with native modesty, they avoided observation and the sun, and sought seclusion and the shade. A sea voyage through the tropics, is very favorable to the expansion of the young affections, and generally brings out all the peculiarities of character in both men and women, but whether they are likely to love their fellow creatures the more or less on account of the change, is a matter which I shall cheerfully hand over to the consideration of those Addisonian divines whose lectures I have read by the way. And although the "course" did not add much to the present stock of theological knowledge should they make up their minds to give us their intellect on this very interesting subject, namely: "Christianity on a Cruise," we shall promise faithfully to abstain from consulting anything "hostile." In eight hours after my arrival in Gotham, the steamship "Edinburgh," by which I resolved to sail, was ready to start, so that I had barely time to take a trot around the great Central Park. With a fair wind and a full head of steam this good ship had us soon out of sight of the teeming city.

Shooting past Sandy Hook, and along the eastern shore of Long Island, like a swallow on swift wing, she quickly forced us to give a last lingering look at the long strip of land, which was fast fading from our view ; and so we bid farewell to Long Island.

We are now steaming slowly—very slowly—over the Banks of Newfoundland, for a dense fog has for several hours completely enveloped our noble ship in its dismal folds. One or two ladies in the saloon are trying to sleep the dreary time away, their heads gently moving with the motion of the ship, while the gentlemen have sought comfort with the barkeeper. The ship's bell tolls plaintively, the steam-whistle shrieks sharply, so the Captain feels his way cautiously as the grim hungry water, like a snake deprived of prey, goes hissing spitefully past.

Two English gentlemen are now busy discussing the merits of the Mormon faith, while several ladies, resting their heads on the table and putting on a pleasant smile, pay earnest attention. The man at the helm, who unlike our California steersmen, takes his stand at the stern, seems to pay more attention to the people in the cabin than to his duty at the wheel. On deck the mates strut around, swear and exhibit red tape on turn, and the boatswain is blowing, whistling, and bellowing continually. And yet with all this brawling and bustling, greasy barrels and tarry ropes are forever tossing about the dirty deck, and one will look in vain for that clean, comfortable and orderly appearance to be met with on board any moderately well arranged American steamer.

It was well on in the afternoon when we landed in

Liverpool, but seeing that we were just in time for the outgoing Dublin mail boat "St. Patrick," we uncere- moniously walked on board the saintly steamer, which for fifteen years has braved the wind and waves of the Irish Sea.

There were not many passengers in the cabin, for the trip being a short one, many contented themselves with fun and frolic among the egg merchants, cow-jobbers, and pig drovers on deck. There was a retired sea captain who had been all over the world, and registered soundings in every sea between the poles, and who talked of Esquimaux villages and Madagascar monkeys, as you or I might talk of Goat Island or Capt. Scott's Coon. Close beside him sat a consumptive looking young gentleman, who quarrelled with him continually about opening the window. Then there were seven benevolent looking beings, four ladies and three gentlemen, belonging to the "educated class," who tenderly and confidently exchanged papers at a round table, but it was easy to see that they did not meet there to sigh, ogle, and flirt and mix toes under the mahogany. Benevolence brought them there—a mutual anxiety for the welfare of mankind in general was the magnet which attracted together *that* little group.

If some South Sea Islander had not been without a bible and a blanket, they would not have been there, but in all probability might have been found in some district of London or Limerick, hunting in vain for some hungry children with white skins. These, together with two clergymen, who soon left for the deck to deliver a temperance lecture, constituted the entire

company in the cabin. But few as we were in numbers, we were in wind and bluster a whole host.

The seven persons at the table talked loudly over their laudable undertakings, and while endeavoring to open the window for fresh air, the Captain talked prodigiously too. He declared that he had seen every phase of life between Kamschatka and Windsor Castle, and that he unhesitatingly pronounced in favor of the modest and least polished. "People," he continued, "who are unwilling to work have no right to the handling of money or to talk of helping other people with money they never earned," and with that he gave the cord attached to the window-pulley a haul that would brace a main staysail.

The window flew up and the consumptive gentleman flew into a passion and pulled it down again, when the Captain, irritated beyond endurance, tilted his cane through the glass to the tune of thirteen and sixpence. Now, I have read somewhere, during my checkered career, the theory of "vegetable circles" and found that, according to it, the palm, as well as every other plant, has its prescribed "circle;" and that even heaths and mosses, humble though they be, flourish within certain well defined boundaries. Nature, we are aware, has so unerringly ordered this arrangement, that we never think of looking for a fig tree in Iceland, or a pippin in Japan. Now this pretty theory is rich in advantages which might, with some propriety, be extended to the great human family circle.

The crab and shrimp, decline to live on visiting terms with the more fastidious cod and dolphin, and even oysters have their own circles, beds and pleasure

grounds, where they resent all intrusions of the "plebian" cockle. Then, why should we not be influenced by the same wise laws of distribution—why not "colonize?" the negro; consistent Christians answer—"why!" But then—how provoking—if we did this good work we would have to look, with Christian fortitude, at the other side of the picture. Lambert and a host of other thoughtless writers hint that man is a monkey of a larger growth, and that by persecuting, exterminating and "colonizing" inferiors he has himself opened the ever widening "gap" which a certain courageous church champion in England is now proud to discover between monkeys and men. While acknowledging, however, that man, in his belief, may choose between wings and a caudal appendage, this very consistent champion of the English Church, as by law established, is careful to describe the "gap" as an "impassable gulf" over which a baboon can never stride to count kindred with a bishop. All good Christians, including those who would "colonize" the negro, believe in this churchman's theory, as "gospel truth," but while so believing why do they labor to prove Lambert & Co's opposing theory correct, by persecuting even to extermination the inferiors in their midst. Good churchmen should be consistent. If they believe themselves to be *men* created after the "image and likeness" of the Creator, they should give some proofs of it occasionally, by refusing to exterminate by cruelty and injustice those, if we are to believe their own doctrine, also made after His image, or they should at once admit that we are monkeys of a larger growth, and that in order to satisfy our vanity and

heal our wounded dignity, it is necessary to widen the inevitable "gap"—necessary to break up every link of the degrading chain. This distinguished church champion and anti-Republican Ribald, whose name I would not immortalize, can talk glibly about the gap, but with all the unjust persecution and rapid extermination of inferior races before his pious eyes, he cannot for the life of him believe about the possibility of widening it. An ape is an ape, but with him man is an angel. Well, we are not saying that it is not so, but, after observing for some time his eyeglasses and antics in public places, we cannot help hinting (respectfully) our belief that he would look well with a caudal appendage.

However, there is no doubt that a large share of our daily unhappiness arises from the constant and inevitable contact of opposite dispositions. Had nature located my retired friend at the northern edge of the temperate zone, and sent the gentleman, who shivered through all his rugs and wrappers, to bake in the tropics, the one might have enjoyed a reputation for courtesy and self-denial, and the other been saved the expenditure of thirteen and sixpence.

A BOULD FENIAN BOY.

Before the quarrel between the verbose captain and the consumptive young gentleman, was quite over, another and a more serious row, had occurred on deck. Here a bould Fenian boy, who declared that the temperance lecturers wished to make water reservoirs of men, kept swinging a stout "shillelagh," scientifically around his patriotic head, and declaring, how dear it is

to die for native land. "Dear, it is," cried he, "to die for native land," (as the latin poet has gracefully expressed it in latin), "be mine that fate and when I am buried beneath an Irish hill, with my toes turned up to the roots of the daisies, the mower shall spare the delicate flowers, and the milkmaid shall sing a sweet song as she brushes the dew from them with her bonny bare feet, to the young hero who died for his native——." Here two English hirelings, against both of whom he battled vigorously for some time, unceremoniously put in an appearance, and at last brought him to terms and quieter quarters. The "St. Patrick," with two crosses,—one at the mast head and the other on the figure head,—couldn't save him.

Day was just breaking, as we entered the lovely Bay of Dublin, and as we beheld, for the first time, through a semi-transparent Irish mist, the semi-circle of blue set in the greenest of shores, the naked stately old hills, which hem it in and the pretty villages and villas, which ornament their sloping sides, we could forgive the fairies for lingering a little—just a little—longer in Ireland than in any other land. As soon as I had set foot on my native sod, I could have fallen on my knees, but a bull-beaten wharf, not being exactly the place for such a demonstration, I hailed a car and requested the driver to "rowl" me to Shelborn's hotel, Stephen's Green. Here we found everything ready for our reception and the good host, without a cloud upon his brow to disturb the usual serenity of his humorous Irish face, received us in the genuine *Cead Meilla Fealthie*, style. Formerly holding the responsible position of porter at a first class hotel in New Orleans, my friend, by his

genuine good nature and punctual attention to business, contrived to accumulate a sum of money, sufficient to enable him to return home, and transfer himself from the grub-like condition of porter, to the butterfly condition of land-lord. And now having, notwithstanding his habitual activity, amassed a tolerable amount of flesh, as well as specie, we find him the burly, good natured and well-to-do landlord of the best hotel in Dublin. Dublin at this time, was fairly swarming, with tourist—with British “blood and culture,”—Counts from the Continent, and beauty from the bogs. O dear! such a luxury of lights and shades,—such elegant eye-glasses, and such brilliant dresses. Careless democratic levelers on this side of the Duck pond, can form no idea of the brilliancy of such a world of fashion. Could they observe, if only for a single day, the scraping and the swaggering and the dexterity, with which these glorious inevitable eyeglasses, can be brought to bear on a shrinking plebian; the grace with which they can be held in proper position, by a dignified movement of the muscles of the face and the piercing glances, which they direct—could I repeat American territorial democrats, (the words are not mine, but I like the ring of them) see all these fine things and observe at the same time, the ladies relieving their dresses on coming to a crossing—observe the petulant curve of the delicate wrist, and the angle at which it holds the dress,—evidently there is a purpose in the act, altogether independent of the ostensible one of relieving a dress,—they would, without a moment’s hesitation, come out in favor of the introduction of the “orders” into Mexico, at least. After strolling around

through this world of fashion for a few days, it began to lose its romance from want, not of variety, for God knows a man will not have to go far in Dublin, to see life in all its phases ; but, from want, I suppose of a proper appreciation on my part. Well, after resting for a few days, and consulting with my kind host, I bought "Block's Pictorial Tourist," and started out to see the sights in real earnest. On the second morning after my consultation and purchase, I found myself at the foot of Sackville street, with my guide book, "biled" shirt, shuttle-toed boots, and a neat fitting "four and nine," (*stove pipe Americano*) ; all ready for a promenade through Petticoat Lane and other classic portions of the Irish Capital. Sackville street, is the Broadway of Dublin ; the street for the better class shops, for amusements, for loungers and for loafers. It is a very wide and a very clean street, by far the nicest and the best street in the British Isles.

The morning being clear and fine, I walked leisurely up to the safely railed summit of Nelson's Pillar, a fine fluted column, 121 feet high, which stands in the centre of the street, near the post office. From this point I obtained an extensive and most delightful view of the entire city, bay and surrounding country, from the mountains of Mourne, in the county of Down on the north, to the Wicklow mountains on the south. To the west, lay the plains of "Sweet Kildare," and rebellious Meath, with the lovely bay and a wide expanse of sea, to the east—the whole forming as lovely a panorama, as I ever saw in my life.

Curiosity then led me into some of the primevally old parts of the city, where things look curious and

quaint enough, indeed. Everybody knows that Ireland's flag is torn in a thousand flitties, and that her abbeys and castles are in ruins, but, without visiting Petticoat Lane, one could not be made to believe, that Dublin deals so extensively in the rags, the mouldiness, and the rust. But, besides Petticoat Lane, there are at least, seven other streets and lanes, in which nothing but old clothes, old blankets, and old boots, is to be seen. Here, from early morning till late at night, all these articles, with more, terrible and awful, may be seen suspended from nails, from poles, and from garret windows, forming as curious a canopy, as one could wish to walk beneath. And there beside them, stands the anxious vendor, ever on the alert to bid you the time o' day, and open a trade, if it should be only for a weather beaten old hat, a demoralized pair of pantalletts, or a half worn hoopskirt. Multitudes of sickly plants and clustering shrubs; endeavor to live in the jungle beneath the shade of stately trees, which monopolize all the sunshine; but, here among the haunts of men, in dreary, damp and sunless streets, the struggle for existence, is still more severe, and still more apparent. People who have been raised in the prosperous cities, or fertile vallies of America, surrounded from infancy, with at least all the necessaries of life, cannot conceive of the wretchedness and misery, to be met with in all great European cities. After passing through this rag-market, broader and cleaner streets are again met with where the shops are not only tastefully, but elegantly decorated, and where things suddenly assume another appearance,—an appearance as peculiar to the Irish capital, as the rag market.

I now allude to the monster shops of Dublin, which for variety and neatness in their internal arrangements have no parallel in any other part of the world.

Occupying an entire block, one of them will present to the passer-by from twelve to twenty-five enormous two-story show-windows, through which thousands of articles that are never found in such conjunction elsewhere, meet the eye. The first window will make you believe that you are standing in front of an upholsterers. The second exhibits to you the handiwork of the shoemaker—from the Lilliputian child's shoe and the dainty ladies' slipper, up to the high-heeled knee-protecting hunting boot. The third is prepared to bestow upon the ladies various loveable and dainty things—Prussian bonnets, ball dresses, girdles, hoop-skirts, veils, and sweet-scented soap. The other windows contain in a motley row all that is necessary, useful, or agreeable in life, everything as they say, from a needle to an anchor. Few things could better illustrate the changing wants, joys and sorrows of human life, than do the half-score show windows of a Dublin monster shop, for the last one in the row is draped in black, reminding us that care can be taken for the last sad sorrowing rite of poor weak humanity. Of these great shops there are now six in Dublin, and one of them alone gives—I am told—constant employment to four hundred persons, while all of them are well patronized by the public. The long rows of carriages, and crowds of customers that sometimes throng the streets in front of them during business hours, go a great ways to make street life in Dublin lively. My walk next led me into Britain street, where a gloomy

looking building with high walls and watchful turrets reminded me that I was in front of Newgate prison, where in "Ninety Eight," the brave Lord Edward Fitzgerald breathed his last, and where in the same year many others were executed for "high treason." Not wishing to remain long in the neighborhood of the sad spot, I wandered carelessly along Barrack street, and soon found myself at the entrance of the famous Phoenix Park. Here we encountered a few car drivers who were all in turn anxious to "rowl" us around the Park for "sixpence, Sir."

We took the advice of one of them to "jump up Sir," and before we had gone far he pointed out to us the palatial residence of the Lord Lieutenant, on our right, and the Wellington Monument, a gigantic quadrangular obelisk on the plain below us on the left. This Phoenix Park can only be called a park figuratively, for with the exception of the Zoological Gardens and a few picturesque clumps of old hawthorn trees, there are no park-like arrangements about it.

We drove past a large flock of sheep, and along the green banks of the Liffey, without meeting from we left the main entrance, a "mother's soul," but a soldier and his sweetheart, a priest and two policeman. Dublin can produce more soldiers and soul-savers than any other city of the same size in the universe, and while saying so I would add my belief that there would be less need for the former if the latter could be shipped out of the country. Owing to their natural light-heartedness, and generous respect for fair play, there are no people on the face of the earth that could be governed so easily as the Irish, if they had only

education and a few liberal and enlightened leaders—leaders that could rise themselves above the vulgar level of sectarian bigotry. But with the wicked and pernicious training to which they have yielded only too far, on the one side, and *English* “fair play,” on the other, there would seem to be no salvation for them. Degraded, duped and divided into two hostile camps by political knaves and religious charlatans it is—not themselves that are there at all, at all. Every building worth looking at may, at sight, be safely connected either with the military or the clergy. In every nook and corner of the city stand churches which have been built at an expense truly marvelous, when contrasted with the poverty stricken appearance of the country, while right in the centre of this public park, not to mention those found in other places, are scattered promiscuously about, magazines, barracks and military hospitals, all built at an enormous outlay. If then, to these we add what has been expended on imposing testimonials to “distinguished” dead men, we can form a slight idea of what it has cost Irishmen to preserve the peace and the “faith of their fathers,” side by side. It is a consolation however, to know that common sense will sooner or later make itself felt in the affairs of men. Returning to the city we drove along the quays, by what ought to be a boat-laden river, but there, alas, everything looks tame and uninteresting enough. On an average, three Newcastle coal tubs and two channel steamers, represent the shipping of the second city, in point of population, in the British Empire. How sad!

On the day following, I visited the Bank of Ireland,

interesting only from having been once the Irish Parliament House, Trinity College and St. Patrick's Cathedral, but it was only around the latter that I felt like lingering a little while. A longing to enjoy a moment's solitude, combined with an inclination to view something with which the renowned Dean Swift had been connected, led me towards the venerable pile. For it is the spot in which the truly admirable Dean spent the remains of his days in solitude, after his star had set with Stella. During his early connection with St. Patrick's, many witticisms are attributed to him, one of which, although not one of his best by any means, I cannot avoid relating, as it is so characteristic not only of the man, but also of the times in which he lived.

The Cathedral had fallen into decay, and needed repairs very much. A deputation from the congregation waited on his Deanship, to tell him about it, and ask his advice.

His prompt reply to them was, "repair it."

The deputation observed that those who were able would not advance the necessary funds.

"Well" said Swift, in his usual quaint way, "give it back to the Papists and they'll repair it."

To this proposition the delegation objected in language that could not be mistaken, maintaining that the church should not, if they knew themselves, be again given into the the hands of the Catholics.

"Oh," said the Dean sarcastically, when he saw them about to lose their patience, "when they repair it you can take it from them again." The deputation it is said left satisfied. The present building is a

cruciform, consisting of nave, transepts, choir and lady chapel, and having been restored recently to its former beauty and grandeur, by the princely munificence of a private citizen, St. Patrick's is now what it was wont to be in days long past, an ornament to the city of Dublin. But we must return to the witty Dean. When he was first appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's he seemed to be very ill at ease, and looking on his canonicals as fetters, and the Deanery as a prison, he yearned for congenial society.

He threw open his house to visitors, and proclaimed himself "the poorest gentleman in Ireland, that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach." It was about this time, that he married the beloved, but suffering Stella, yet the matter was kept secret. They continued to live in different houses, until she at length died a victim, to the man to whom she was devotedly attached. A few days ago, I saw in the picture gallery of Howth castle, a full length likeness of the man who wronged Stella, so cruelly. He is represented as holding in his hand "The Drapers First Letter to the Whole People of Ireland," in which famous pamphlet Swift openly advocated the independence of Ireland.

To-day I stood opposite his bust in Trinity College. His countenance is open, full, powerful; all is strength, enjoyment and penetration; while an unspoken word of sovereign contempt and pride, plays around his elegant lips. It seemed to me as truly, the bust of a man who could wrong even a Stella, and terrorize the Court, the Tory Ministry, and all London, for a term. While visiting the tomb of O'Connell, in Glasnevin burying ground, I could not return without visiting

Delville, the former residence of Dr. Delany, the friend and companion of Dean Swift, in whose house Stella long resided. Delville, has been commemorated in verse, by Swift, and the little church yard over the way yet contains memorials of him and his. On approaching the villa, a young and very beautiful lady, who busied herself in arranging flower pots on the margin of the path, told me, in answer to my inquiry, if the path was the same that the living Stella once trod? that it was, and that she would be my guide through the ground, consecrated to the sweet martyrdom of love; and here, in justice, to the young lady, I will say, that she performed her promise, most agreeably. In the green church yard, a little temple stands around the gravel walks, inscribed with the motto "*Fastigia despicit urbis*," and opposite the entrance is a medalion of Stella, injured and worn by time. It reminded me of the beautiful and beloved Stella, but it did not tell me Stella's secret. Well, no matter, whatever it may have been, the Dean of St. Patrick's and the fair Stella, have been united long ago; the grave has joined them and their dust has commingled in its union. Peace to their memory. The one was a magnificent soul, warped and driven from its greatest purpose by unyielding circumstances, the other was a true woman, very fair, loving much and sorrowing greatly.

On leaving the Cathedral we drove around the castle of Dublin, and through College Green. In the centre of the Green, and right opposite the far-famed Trinity College, stands a statue of George III on horseback, and mounted on a pedestal. With a firm hand he seems to guide his brazen steed, and with

muscular limbs he maintains his seat—a sturdy wight I ween, but an eyesore to the Catholics of Dublin. On the north side of the College, at the corner of Westmoreland and College streets, stands the statue of another prince—a prince of song, whose laurels are not blood-stained.

THOMAS MOORE,

The man who with his little delicate songs effected more, both politically and morally, for his country, than all the loud-mouthed leaders and agitators of the present generation have done with all their bold words and bloody weapons. Every child in Dublin can show you where Tom Moore was born. On the corner of Angier street and a narrow alley stands a curious quaint looking old house in which Tom Farrel now retails soap, salt, sugar, and rosin. In this odd looking old house, too high for one story, and two low for two, was born on the 28th of May, 1778, as the figures on the marble slab over the door inform us, the Bard of Erin.

As Mr. Farrel is licensed also for spirits and ale, he has not the slightest objection to strangers visiting his classical grocery, so our driver unceremoniously stopped in front of the unpretending little house. The conditions for the privilege of visiting the room in which the bard first saw the light, being very reasonable, namely, a “pint of porther,” they were of course promptly complied with, and when informed afterwards, that none but native cut corks were drawn in the establishment, we were patriotic enough to order another pot. This being the only branch of native

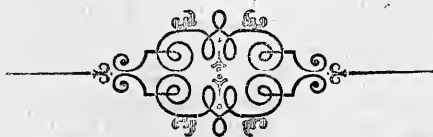
industry that Irishmen at present appear anxious to protect, but still a step in the right direction, how could we do otherwise than encourage the patriotic idea by drawing another native cut cork.

By the time that I had made myself familiar with all the curiosities of the Irish Capital, the Spring, the merry, joyous Spring, the season of sunshine and flowers, had fairly set in, and as in days of yore I yearned for the free air of the mountain and the meadow. I had wandered long enough through a brick and mortar wilderness, and the old inclination to loiter on the banks of babbling streams, where shy daisies and primroses, moist and pale, are wont to bow their tiny heads to the breeze, began to exert its influence as our thoughts retraced the devious course of many a brawling stream, back to meadow and dell where in boyhood's days I listened with attentive ear, to the goat-like bleat of the mire snipe's wing, to the soft lowing of the cattle and to the milkmaid's song. Having made up my mind to visit the site of the Seven Churches in the vale of Glendalough, I had only to consult my ever thoughtful host, as to the best route and mode of conveyance. Irish railroads, are at best, only ill-managed monopolies, and the train, besides, although almost certain to run away from one, when in a hurry, never stops when a body wants it. Under the circumstances, the landlord thought, a jingling Irish jaunting car ought to have the preference, for at least, a part of the way. So, one was immediately sent for, and the driver, Mr. Doolan, we will, for sake of antiquity, call him, was ordered to pack away my portmanteau in the "well" of the car, while the energetic landlord thrust myself

into the seat on the "thumb hand side," as he said, without even paying my bill, which he knew would be duly honored and much more to his personal advantage, than, if the account had been deliberately settled, and scrutinized before the moment of my departure.

Lady Morgan has not inaptly described Dublin, as "the most car drivingest city in the universe," and there is, perhaps, no other portions of it, in which the character of its Jehus or Larry Doolan's, can be better studied, than in the immediate neighborhood of Carlisle bridge. The unsophisticated stranger, who may chance to find himself, for the first time, at the foot of Sackville street, cannot fail to be amazed at the commotion, not to say sensation, which his appearance is certain to create among the knights of the whip, who, when disengaged here, range their vehicles on what are technically known as the "hazards." The position and pursuits of these worthies when idle, are manifold. Some kill time, by the aid of the inevitable pipe, others lounge "in meditation fancy free," while, perhaps, a few endeavor to acquire a knowledge of the news of the world, from some magazine or newspaper. However, this latter employment is a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties for the "castle" magnates, have expressed thier unqualified disapproval of the habit. This severe ruling of the authorities, is not, I should say, altogether owing to the dangerous nature of the occupation with regard to accidents merely, but, seeing that the Doolans whether pick, drill or car drivers, *will* be democrats, they prefer having them *straight*, without any educational mixture, whatever. In that condition, they will be less liable to break things. Democrats, in any

country should never undertake to do their own thinking or reading, lest they wrest things to their own (or other people's) "destruction." But, no matter whether the Dublin representatives of the Sam Weller school be seated, standing, smoking, reading or jeering each other, (the idea of their ever sacrificing at the altar of Bacchus, is an absurdity,) the advent of a pedestrian, as if by magic, inverts the order of things. No crack company, could excel them in the rapidity, with which they come to the "attention." These Irish jaunting cars, are an institution in Dublin, and although they are the rudest specimens of a vehicle to be found anywhere, seated on one of them, with a pretty bright eyed Irish girl, squeezed in beside you—with the "hand next her heart," grasping the iron rail behind you, while with the other, she nervously clutches your coat collar at every spring, her pretty little feet peeping over the foot board the while,—one can jump up and down, as often as he wishes to,—and often when he don't wish to—and enjoy, perhaps, the wild vagabondish ride in the open air.



CHAPTER II.

Departure from Dublin-- Beautiful Scenery--A funeral Party.—A Singular Ceremony.—The Wicklow Mountains.—The “Dargle.”—A Wicklow Damsel and her Donkey.—Irish Hospitality.—The Devil’s Glen.—Glendalough.—The Guides.—A Model Waiter.—St. Kevin.—St. Kevin and the Loving Kathleen.—St. Kevin’s Bed.—The Seven Churches.—Irish Ballad Singers.—The Return to Dublin.

We made an early start, and the driver pushed on through Ring’s End, Irishtown, and Sandy Mount, stopping only for a few seconds at Irishtown, to take a “shine,” as he termed it, out of a young fish-girl, who invited us to inspect some cheap prongs, (crabs) which she assured us were “crawling in the creel ;” but Mr. Doolan didn’t shine long. The glib-tongued young crab-vender soon gave him a broadside, which caused him to retreat in good order. The fish-wives of Irishtown, like those of the Claddagh, at Limerick, are curiosities in themselves. One may look into their baskets almost at anytime, and even venture to ask the price of the prettiest of the finny tribe found in their possession, but unless you are ready to buy or fight, you should never object to the price, handle them, or find fault with them in any way, for very little “privication,” makes them open their vituperative batteries and then woe be to any one that is unfortunate enough

to come within range. The simplest looking one among them could beat a Philadelphia lawyer single handed, still the "Immortal Dan" could vanquish the biggest of them. Well to be sure to call a decent, honest fishwoman a heptagon, a hexagon, a hypotenuse, a perpendicular in petticoats, and all them kind of horrible names, was enough certainly to knock the wind out of her, and make her lose her patience, and of course the intellectual combat at the same time.

As we approached the shore line the breeze became fresher and the view opener at every step. To the left lay the beautiful bay, and to the right rose, bald and bare, the Wicklow range, while immediately in front of us the pleasant undulating hills were dotted with pretty villages and villas—and all the prettier for being partially shaded with trees. There is no city in the British Isles that can exhibit around it such a variety of picturesque beauties as Dublin. There is the spacious bay with every variety of coast, from the pleasant sandy beach, to the bluff sea promontary; the wooded valley with its limpid river, the lonely mountain glen with its cataracts and tiny trout streams, the gay watering place and the rural village—in short there is no class of scenery which the poet, the painter, or the mere man of pleasure could desire, that could not be reached in a few hours drive from any part of Dublin.

Black rock, famous for bathing places and funeral parties, was reached in due time—in time just to see one of the funeral ceremonies which have made the town notorious. In the centre of the village stands

an ancient stone cross, a faithful representative of the fears, faith and traditions of a pious people. It is mounted on a moss-covered mound, and around this time-honored hillock the corpse must be carried three times, while the funeral party, chanting the while the *De Profundus*, moves slowly after it. It is said and firmly believed, that any person thus devoutly carried around the sacred stone after death, providing that they have died "within the pale of the church," will never suffer the pains of purgatory, but will go directly to Heaven. This grave, yet singular proceeding is witnessed frequently as often as three times in a single day, within a few miles of the second city in the British Empire. However, we have no fault to find. A pious and an imaginative people believe that it is a righteous and a soul-saving ceremony, and after all they may not be much more in error than other and more enlightened theorists.

Christianity is certainly not more consistently taught now than it was in the days of stone crosses and saintly springs. The primitive Christians never bothered their brains about great organs and gigantic churches, nor did they ever pretend to have power to "pluck up, scatter, ruin, plant and build." They lived we are told, very modestly—so modestly indeed that no modern Christian can be found to follow their example. The good Bishop of Capetown promised indeed a short time ago that he would fly to the deserts and the forests, and live after the manner of the primitive Christians, should the law lords of England make an "unrighteous" decision in the case between him and Dr. Colenzo.

Well, their lordships gave, as is well known, a decision quite contrary to the righteous judgment of the good Dr. Gray, but still Dr. Gray has declined to stick to his promise. He forgot to change his good living at the Cape of Good Hope, for a Christian cavern on the coast of Africa, and he evidently believes now that a man has no right to make a martyr of himself.

I once thought that purely impotent spite could go no further than when poor old Pope Pius IX solemnly excommunicated the King of Italy. But to see an addle-pated old sinner, whose "spiritual sway" extended over a few negroes and about fifty white men, taking it upon himself to pronounce the judgment of God was something still more absurd.

Ridiculous as the Pope then made himself it cannot be denied that he sat in the chair of Hildebrand, and the harmless pop-gun which he held in his hand was in shape not unlike what had once been a thunderbolt, but the utter absurdity of "Robert of Cape-town's" solemn excommunication of Bishop Colenzo, cannot be so soon forgotten. Let us however, gratefully enjoy our kings and our bishops, and pleasantly repeat as if it were true, the exploded nonsense of by-gone ages, and then laugh at the Egyptian for scratching the rich soil of his country with the rude tools of five thousand years ago.

We kept up our Christian contemplations until Mr. Doolan halted in front of the Royal Hotel, Kingston. Here we gave him his discharge, and prepared to take the evening train for Bray, a pleasant little town and popular watering place on the line between the coun-

ties of Wicklow and Dublin. Like Kingstown, Bray is a sort of suburban retreat for the well-to-do citizens of Dublin. In order to make an excursion into the Wicklow Mountain districts, we abandoned the train at "Bray the splendid," and remained all night in the village hotel. After a substantial breakfast next morning, we sallied forth with the intention of seeing both the Dargle, and the Devil's Glen, and making Laragh in the vale of Glendalough, before night. The road at first ran through a thick alley of beeches whose quivering leaves fanned us gently with the pure morning air. Then, fertile fields, green meadows, and many happy looking homesteads, burst into view, beyond which, and still higher up, steep, heath-clad hills appeared in picturesque groupings.

The county of Wicklow is the California of Ireland. Here is the dark green wood with its stately trees and clustering shrubs, and here the hills and rocks, "eternal piled," feed innumerable noisy streamlets which on their way to the ever green valleys below, unite by twos and by threes in the formation of brawling waterfalls. There in the vales below, some noble rivulets mingle their waters, and send them on murmuring to the sea, and there on their banks stand the church, the chapel, and the school house. Here in short, is California on a small scale, a country in which every possible charm that nature can bestow is united for the comfort and amusement of man.

We entered the Dargle, at the lower end and traveled through the gloomy ravine to the "Lovers Leap," at its head. This Dargle is an exceedingly narrow, and sombre mountain glen, walled in by precipitous rocks,

which range from 400 to 500 feet in height. These combinations of jagged and perpendicular rocks, are clothed from base to summit, with native "wood bine," shrubs and fern of every form and tint, while far below the clear stream, dances merrily, among the boulders to the music of a colony of little birds among the bows. A wicklow rebel could not wish for a safer hiding place. We could have spent the entire spring day in the shady retreat, while thinking and reading about Arrah na Pogue, and Shaun the Post. We joined our car, at Lough Bray cottage, and now everything suddenly changed. The lovely fairy land, the green fields and the waving forest, were fast disappearing, while before us lay a wild uninhabited region of mountains and moor.

The road, however, was broad and good, and the driver plied the whip industriously, now and then stopping to point out to me over its handle, some solitary mountain peak, ruined castle, or enchanted lake, about all of which, many a good story might be told. During the heat of the day, some fine cattle loitered around the streams in the valleys; and the herd with his dog and gun, sat on the hill side under a blackberry bush, which offered him its scanty shade.

So is it to-day, nearly all over Ireland,—a solitary herd may only be seen where, a few years ago, one might hear amid the busy hum of human voices; the pleasant joke and cheerful song in concert with the lively whirl of the spinning wheel. The tune, alas! is turned; the land is "laid down" to grass. To hell! with men and their muscles, since an ox, worth twenty sterling pounds, will thrive on the ground, where three featherless bipeds would only starve.

This, is now the tune of the men, who, in concert with their English brethren, would bewail the fate of a well fed heathen, at the source of the Nile,—The men who, in London as well as in Limerick, control coroners' juries, to invariably return the verdict of "Died of exhaustion;" when in plain English, one of their unfortunate neighbors die of hunger.—The men, who, in hiring a servant for the "big house," take into consideration, what one among the numerous applicants, that seek the honor of keeping their dirty carcasses clear of an insufferable stink, might turn out the sturdiest bang-beggar.—The men, in whose beggar-hunting performances, there can be nothing—absolutely nothing—remarkable, except, perhaps, the degradation of that noble animal, the dog, to a level with his more brutal master.

Turning towards the ruins of castle Kevin, the stronghold of the warlike O'Byrnes and O'Tooles of Wicklow, we overtook on the way, a plump, good looking young Wicklow girl. She was seated behind a pair of *barthogs*, (willow basket) on the back of a heavily loaded donkey, and as her feet dangled, with the weight of her well nailed buskins: far below the donkey's belly, she told me, with a confused smile, that it was a "fine day sir." And then she invited me to go home with her, and in order to seduce me along, she solemnly assured me, that her big brother would, "and a thousand welcomes," go down with me to the Devil's Glen. Well, I at length consented to accompany her, to her home among another pile of ruins on the plain. Here, an active old woman helped her to take down the *barthogs* from the back of the gentle donkey, which, when fairly released, announced its

satisfaction by a social, *or haw*, and then, rolling recklessly on the dungheap, it started in to catch flies with its feet.

"Mother," exclaimed the young girl, after the donkey had been driven away, "sure an' here's a stranger I brought you! "Well, a *cushla*," replied the kindly old creature, "sure, an' he's welcome any-way. Tell the gintleman to come in, can't ye?" and rushing inside herself, she whispered to her son, a rather sober looking young man, "Michael, see, here's a strange gintleman coming in.—get up dear, an' give him the good chair."

Michael came to a perpendicular in a hurry, and handing me the best chair in the cabin with both hands, he modestly invited me to be seated. The old lady jumped around, and wiping the seat of the chair with a *praskin* (coarse apron), she too invited me to sit down. And in a very short time, she had at my service, a course towel, some soap and plenty of hot water. In due time, the potatoes for the dinner, which, as she took good care to inform me, would not stand a "boil in the pot," were turned out upon the *lusset*, (a willow basket with wooden sides, used instead of a table) when the old lady essayed to present me with a big "laughing" one. Hot and all as it was, into my hand she would have me take it; but, after assuring her, that I was in a hurry, and not hungry, I modestly declined the laughing present from the *lusset*, and prepared to leave. It was no go, however. Both Michael and his mother, took right hold of me and while the one swore, "by all the birds in the wood," the other pledged the "powers of Moll Kelly," that "I should not go out of

their house, on that blessed day, without atin' something."

"Go!" exclaimed the old woman indignantly.

"Divil a out or out of this house ye'll go, not the length of yer big toe, now, till ye ate that laughin' priddy, an' that boiled egg, so ye won't now, so there's for ye now," and with that she placed before me on a clean *trinch*, (a wooden plate,) a spoon, the egg, the potato and some salt. Seeing that she had gone to the trouble of boiling an egg for me, and that my coat was in danger of being demoralized, I surrendered at discretion.

There is no country on the face of the earth in which so much respect and attention is paid to the traveling stranger as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and his own family, and often before either, come those of the stranger, for the respect of the Irish peasant. For often when he can barely secure "priddies an' dab at the stool" for his own poor family, he will make a struggle to procure something "tasty," for the stranger. Dinner over, Michael accompanied me down to the Devil's Glen, and on the way he pointed out to me the school-house and the Catholic chapel, in which mass is said every Sunday morning, "thank God."

At length reaching me his hand, into which I dropped a small specimen of California gold, Michael bid me an affectionate farewell.

After traveling for some time, I next came to a cabin grocery shop, on the side of Anamoe Hill. A pretty young girl, of an age about sweet sixteen, stood in the door, but as I approached, she

timidly disappeared. I saw at a glance that she was a sort of wild beauty, as lovely and timid, as she was dirty and ragged. Her mother, who, as the sign-board over the door informed me, is "licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and snuff," met me at the door, and with the usual salutation, "God save you Sir," invited me in. On entering I found that her wild, dirty-legged daughter had actually hidden herself, but as the *girsha* had only swung herself gracefully around a meal bag, and now and then peeped out coquetishly from behind it, I had an opportunity to threaten to catch and kiss her. Resting her hands on her sides, the mother stood by and laughed heartily at me, and as she said, "the gameral of a girl that wouldn't stand up and spake to the day-cent gintleman." Our next stopping place was Laragh village, where we arrived about sunset, to find plenty of black-haired girls, with naked necks and feet, cracking jokes in the doorways, and talking away the twilight, in company with some bright looking *bohils*, whose pipes, with full steam up, perfumed the evening atmosphere,

Laragh, in the vale of Glendalough—the vale of myths, miracles, and fables,—looks sober enough; still, situate as it is, at the junction of three romantic fairy glens, it is not wanting in wild beauty. Here, as in almost every other Irish village, one may see the substantial Protestant church, and the unpretending Catholic chapel; the luxuriant Protestant parsonage, and the quiet residence of the priest; the gloomy barracks of the Cosmopolitan high policemen, and the big house, in which "his honor," the landlord, lives or

ought to live, all at a decent distance from the rude cabins of the common people. At the village hotel we had a substantial supper, after which, we again started out in company with three other tourists, to take a walk through the village. We had not gone far, before we found ourselves fairly surrounded by a crowd of willing guides, all seeking employment for the following day ; and conspicuous among the motley throng, appeared the broad, sunburnt face of my friend, Miles Doyle, the honest father of the bashful beauty of Anamoe Hill, and the veteran guide of Glendalough. With a well-filled pipe in his mouth, and a stout shillelagh in his hand—there he stood before us, like a monarch of the glen, in the midst of the common herd. His dress was, of course, suited to his business, and of the pure national type—a coarse felt hat, heavy well-nailed brogues, gray woolen stockings, a frieze coat, and a pair of corduroy breeches, with two oval patches on that ill-starred spot, where, unless he has been more fortunate than the majority of Irish boys, his mother often practiced upon. Well, no matter for all that, in his dark brown eyes, and broad countenance, one could see, besides a fair share of cunning, a good deal of honesty, native humor, and generosity. Miles soon told me that all the Irish scholars and English tourists knew him, and patronized him ; but while satisfied that I had a “poet’s head at any rate,” he could not, for the life of him, tell to which class, I might belong. “Poet, indeed !” broke in a bystander, who, when he saw Miles in a fair way of gaining my confidence, offered to guide me through all the nooks and corners of Glendalough “free gratis

for, nothing.”—“Poet,” said he, “the divil a bit of him, but an honorable gintleman, I’il warrant ye.” However, when Miles, who did not by any means relish the intrusion, heard that my home was nearly nine thousand miles away, he shook the ashes from his pipe, grasped my hand exultingly, and declared that I should not be taken short for a guide, so long as Miles Doyle could “mark the ground,” or “put one foot past another.” “Nine thousand miles,” he repeated with emphasis—“Holy Mother of Moses! who ever h’ard o’ the likes. Why man alive,” he continued, “I’d carry you on my back into St. Kevin’s Bed itself, afore I’d see ye go away widout visitin’ every nook an’ corner of our glorious saycret glen.”

Well, after deciding that he should be our guide for the following day, Miles and I parted for the night on good terms.

When we presented Miles Doyle to our little party at the breakfast table, next morning, as our guide for the day, the suggestion was not received very favorably, for the proprietor of the hotel had already provided one, who, as we afterwards found out, gave him a per centage of his earnings. Miles, according to our accommodating host, was “a graceless vagabond,” and a “poacher into the bargain;” but, although the term “poacher,” was put as a clincher, he had the unheard of humiliation of bringing out another plate, knife and fork, for Miles, the vagabond, who, with many a side glance of contempt, at both landlord and waiter, cozily enjoyed his breakfast. Soon after breakfast, a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—with their guide, were seen moving around the hill, on which

stands the Old Round Tower. Here we saw, for the first time, the Lower Lake, and here the first miracle of St. Kevin, the patron saint of the valley, was told to us. A horse thief, named for short Gardaugh, came trotting around the lake on a handsome bay mare, about thirteen hundred years ago. St. Kevin, (God be good to him and merciful to us) meets him on the path, and says he to him, says he "who owes (owns) the horse, Gardaugh," "Faith an' it's not a horse, but a mare, an' it's my own four bones that owes her," says Gardaugh. "*Och ! that tha breagogh in ish* (Och ! that's a lie now) you thief of the worl' ye," said the saint, and there and then, on the impulse of the moment, he gave the unshriven horse thief his purgatorial passport.

We soon reached the shore of the Upper Lake, and here, groups of dirty boys—I hate boys, because I was so long one myself—and giddy girls, with naked feet, gipsey-like gathered around us. The lake lay calm and placid before us, without a breath of air to ruffle its surface, or stir a leaf of the scanty vegetation in the treeless vale. All was painfully quiet. Even the lark, that most cheerful of warblers, was missing, and every child in the glen could tell you why.

When the Seven Churches were in progress of building, the workmen took an oath to begin work with the song of the lark in the morning, and leave off daily with the lying down of the lamb in the evening, but the larks compelled the men to begin work long before the sleep was out of their eyes, and from over exertion many of them died. So to save the oaths of his men, and their lives at the same time, the good St. Kevin

prayed that no lark might ever be able to sing over the glen again. God, as the story goes, heard the Saint's prayer, and so no lark has ever been heard to sing over this vale for over thirteen hundred years, although within a gun-shot of the valley the larks flutter, flirt, and sing as sweetly as anywhere in Ireland. A strapping young fellow called Patsey was now seen running down the hill as fast as ever his heels could carry him, to man the boat which lay on its beam ends beside us,

Patsey shoved the light skiff from the shore, and rowed us gently towards St. Kevin's Bed, while Miles amused us with the story of the loving, but unfortunate Kathleen.

When a young man, maybe just out of his teens, St. Kevin was a very seductive and very impressive preacher, and his converts, particularly of the female "persuasion," were counted by the score. At this time a very beautiful, and very impressionable young girl named Kathleen, became not only a convert to Christianity, but fell passionately in love with the saintly teacher, and, promising to do penance for both, she besought him to allow her to see his shadow at least, and hear the echo—just the echo—of his sweet voice once in every twenty-four hours. But the saint "couldn't see it." He was of too saintly a turn of mind to permit anything having the tendency to excite in him the passion which rules "the court, the camp, the grove," to remain near him—he, in a word, dare not encounter Kathleen's enamored glances, and so like a very coward, he sought safety in flight.

“ ’Twas from Kathleen’s eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue ;
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe’er the Saint would fly,
Still he found her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where’er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.”

At length the Saint came to Glendalough, and high up on the rock Lugduff, towards which Patsey is pulling, he found a home where human foot had never gone before.

Yet even here, to his rocky bed chamber, the infatuated maiden pursued him, and although the spot could only be reached at the risk of life, when he awoke one fine morning from a saintly slumber on his rocky couch, he found the blue eyes of Kathleen tenderly fixed upon him.

“ Ah ! your saints have cruel hearts—
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.
Glendalough, thy gloomy wave,
Soon was gentle Kathleen’s grave,
Soon the Saint (but ah too late),
Felt her love and mourned her fate.
And when he said “ Heaven rest her soul,”
Round the lake light music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o’er the fatal tide.”

Poor thing, my heart’s sore for her, but maybe after all she deserved it ; it is hard to tell, God knows. It is a serious thing to tempt a saint, so it is, for the crea

tures cannot stop you know, to mingle pity with their piety.

Nothing can be more grand and interesting, than the wild and sublime character of the scenery, around the Seven Churches of Glendalough.

Their situation in the midst of the lonely mountains, and placed at the entrance of a glen, singularly deep and secluded, with two dark lakes winding far into gloom and solitariness, and over which dark vale, hang mountains of the most abrupt forms, in whose every fissure and gorge, there is a wild and romantic clothing of oak, birch, hazel and holly, makes them peculiarly interesting. But, even if they were not interesting from their position and grouping or from the grandeur of their separate parts, the association of ideas connected with them, would alone make them so. "St. Kevin's kitchen," is now the most perfect of the seven churches. It is roofed with stone, and has a steeple at one end, which is a perfect miniature of the round towers of Ireland. We stoped for sometime at *Rhefeart* or the king's grave. Here, several stone crosses, stone rings, twisted serpents and other interesting symbols of the primitive Christians' faith, may be found among the dust, to which they on turn are gradually crumbling. Whoever is buried in this grave yard, where, lie the remains of so many dead priests and princes of Ireland, and where St. Kevin himself, consecrated the earth, go *directly* to heaven, and whoever carries *in his teeth*, a certain blessed stone, which lies inside of the sacred enclosure, three times around the cemetery, without stopping, shall never suffer the pain of purgatory, nor the twangs of the toothache. Our path then, led down the hill to

where the Lower lake again appeared in view,—the lake in which that *last snake* concealed itself, after St. Patrick had expelled all its playmates.

The Story of this last snake, is too long, and it is besides thirteen hundred years old,—Glendalough guides will have nothing to do with any story of a later date.

On returning to the hotel, I retired to my room, where, from the window I could take a fresh survey of all that I had visited during the day ; but, being somewhat fatigued, I flung myself on a sofa, and was just falling into a sound sleep, when a pair of ballad singers below on the street, broke in on my slumber. The song being a new and popular one, and mixed with murder, I was of course, anxious to hear it.

The singers were man and wife, and from the way that they chimed in with each other, at every turn of the tune, as well as from the series of satisfied glances which they occasionally exchanged, it was easy to see that their connubial relations, were mutually agreeable.

They sang as they walked and they walked as they sang ; because they knew full well, that the police would “ pull ” them, if they attempt to stand up to it, and collected a crowd. The wife, with true maternal affection, hugged a squalid baby to her naked breast, and cautiously walked backwards, as she made her clear voice ring through the village ; and the husband, who, on turn, led a little three year old boy by the hand, followed closely, so that their voices might harmonize inside of the big straw bonnet, which his industrious spouse allowed to project at least, a clear foot in front of her face. Every country has its gipsies. Like

the black crow, they are citizens of every clime,—lords in every land,—lords of the villages, the woods and the way sides ; but, above all other gipsies, I believe Irish ballad singers, are most anxious to propagate their species, and their songs.

Some of these Irish songs, out of the composition, printing, and sale of which, thousands make a living, are of the “sintimintal” order, some comic, and some satirical. The latter are generally aimed at his honor, the landlord, for you know it does one’s heart good, to hear him get it “hot an’ heavy,” because of a sar-tinty for sure, we would all like to be polite towards kind landlords, and leave them at least, four bare walls for the rent.

“ Ha, yer honor, what do ye think o’ that ;
Upon the old potato patch yer honor. may—”

There’s a hole in the ballad and above all things, I abhor literary vamping. The great majority of these songs of Ireland are, however, patriotic effusions, and in a country where the people are too poor to subscribe for a newspaper, the national ballad singer contributes largely towards keeping up the old hostility to everything English, Almost seven centuries have elapsed since “the Saxon” first set foot on Irish soil, and yet, throughout this long period of plunder, persecution and misrule, the Irish ballad singer has stood his ground to remind the sons of sires who died defending their homes of the past, which will never be forgotten. So long as there is an old ruin to remind her of the despoiler—so long as there is a mountain glen to remind her of some savage massacre—so long as *she has her ballad singers* to stir up the burning memory and

hate within her sea-girt shores—Ireland can never forget.

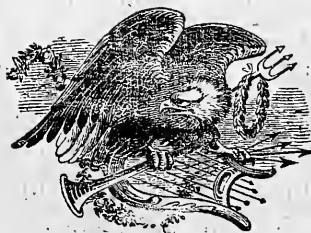
Another party claimed the services of my friend Miles Doyle for the next day, while I, bidding farewell to the twin sisters of Glendalough Vale—myth and fable—returned by rail to Dublin, where my old friend in Stephen's Green was as glad to see me as if I had returned after discovering a northwest passage. And knowing that I was about to start for Killarney, never to return, he had before my final departure much good advice to give me. He had in the first place, to give me a letter of introduction to the proprietor of Torview Hotel, near Killarney, and secondly, he had to caution me against paying my passage in an Irish office when I should make up my mind to "cross the water" to California, lest the Irish agents of steamship lines would—smart scoundrels that they are—take me in and send me by the wrong ship.

But above and beyond all other important hints that he had to give, he evidently considered his caution against my traveling "all alone by myself," in a carriage with a "prurient prude," the most momentous, for here he suddenly became earnest and emphatic. It was in vain that I told him that I was not afraid of women, that I was, on the contrary, rather fond of female society, and that on the whole, the fair sex had always treated me kindly, for all this, in his opinion, only tended to increase the danger to which I was about to become exposed on the Dublin and Killarney line.

"Why man alive," said he in the most emphatic manner possible, "if some of these enterprising im-

postures caught you alone in a carriage, and found out that you came from California, they'd scream and squirm like a cat on a pitchfork, till the guard heard them ; and then if you wouldn't settle the matter to their mind, they'd swear rapes, prongs, and pitchforks against you." So saying, he wished me " a safe journey, Sir," reached me his hand and motioned to the driver that he had himself engaged to take me to the terminus, to move on.

The Metropolitan Terminus to which the lean, but quick stepping horse brought me in short order, is one of the most magnificent railroad stations in the British Isles. The area of ground occupied by the station buildings, is about three acres and the whole extent is covered by a great iron roof, which rests upon strong iron pillars, and which combine lightness, beauty, and strength in a wonderful degree.



CHAPTER III.

Dublin to Killarney.—The Corough of Kildare.—Killarney Town.—Torc-View Hotel.—The Irish Oak Stick.—Street Scene in Killarney.—Will-o'-the-Wisp.—Kerry Girls.—The O'Donoghue.

Exactly at the advertised hour the whistle sounded, and the train started slowly out of the iron shed. Gliding gently along the green banks of the Liffey, it gradually increased its speed until the Wellington testimonial and other distinguished structures in Phoenix Park seemed to play bo-peep around the old hawthorn trees on the plain.

About the many quiet villages, quaint cabins, splendid mansions, lovely valleys, and romantic mountains, which we passed during this long ride, through five of the most interesting counties of Ireland, we can say but little, as the iron horse would not wait for us to take notes. About nineteen miles from Dublin, the line crosses the Liffey, and the scenery thus far is of the most charming character. Broad meadows swarming at the time with jolly hay-makers ; large fields of potatoes just in bloom, their pink blossoms closing up gently under the morning's sun ; sweet pea and bean patches, which perfumed the air with their rich aromatic fragrance ; orchards fairly speckled with fruit, and shady groves, all glistening in the summer sunshine, glided gently past us like a beautiful panorama, as the

train kept on its winding way to the west. But after crossing the Liffey, and as we approach the celebrated Corough of Kildare, the aspect of the country changes very much.

The plain or Corough of Kildare, is long famed in Irish song and story—famed for insurgent encampments, horse racing and fistic encounters. It was here that Donnelly, the Irish pugilist, defeated Cooper, the English champion, and to the present day, the “noble deeds” of the former are made to “shine most glorious” around the shamrock shore. Up to the ninth round, our bards tell us, Cooper, after knocking Donnelly down several times in succession, had the call but at this juncture, Miss Kelly, an Irish lady of great fortune and spunk, who, it would appear, bet all she had in the world on the courage and endurance of Donnelly, stepped into the ring and said :

“Donnelly, what *do* you mean! Hibernia’s son,” said she, “My whole estate, I have it bate on you, brave Donnelly.”

Of course that was enough to make any Irishman’s heart strong. The pure Milesian blood boiled as thick as buttermilk in Donnelly’s veins, and at the very next meeting, he tipped Cooper a “templer,” which tumbled him over the rail, broke his jaw bone, and forty-nine of his ribs, and of course ended the fight. “Och! murdther an’ Irish, won’t some o’ ye’s hould me my dears, or I’ll be afther jumping out of my schkin, wid delight.”

One of the most interesting features of the country between Dublin and Killarney, is the great number of ancient castles, either close to the line of railroad, or a short distance on either side. As we pass through

the country of the Fogartys, the Fitzgeralds, the MacCarthys and the O'Moores, we see constantly such objects, some in various stages of decay, and some in a state of fine preservation. At Mallow, the branch line to Killarney springs off the main Dublin and Cork line, and here we changed carriages, while the porters and guards rushed hither and thither, swaggering and shouting with all the ostentation necessary to convince us of the importance of their very distinguished situations. There is very little variety to be seen along the line during the rest of its passage through the county of Cork, as the country, especially from the village of Millstreet to within a few miles of Killarney, is principally bog, interrupted occasionally by small patches of poorly cultivated land. The distant mountain scenery is, however, fine and bold, and the various hills, which form the southern boundary of the lakes, become every moment more distinct.

It was well on in the afternoon when the train drew up at the Killarney station, and the few who refused to abandon the cars at any of the towns which we passed on the way, were soon lost among the motley throng of porters, guides and car drivers, that patiently waited our coming. Having to proceed to Torc-view hotel to deliver my letter, I was, however, soon again seated on an Irish jaunting car.

The little town of Killarney is as uninteresting and as unpicturesque a place as one could conceive, considering its proximity to the world renowned lakes. A few poor and narrow streets, lined for the most part with half ruined cabins; a Roman Catholic church, which probably cost more to build it, than all the

houses in the village together ; a Protestant church, an establishment perhaps still more expensive ; two hotels, invariably deserted for those at the Lakes ; a police barrack, and a parish poor-house, make up the sum total of the town of Killarney. After passing the last house in the ruined row, which they have dignified with the name street, we drove along an elegant avenue between two rows of Linden trees ; and here splendid parks and pleasure grounds skirt the road on either side. On reaching an open plateau on the top of the hill, a stately looking building with plenty of doors and windows, at once met my eye. This was Torc-view Hotel, my intended temporary home.

A nice, airy room up stairs, was already waiting for me, and observing that it commanded an extensive view of the valley of the lakes, I took immediate possession of it, and held it against all comers for four weeks. Such a clean, cheerful, charming little room as it was too, and such splendid views as we could obtain from the windows. In the morning as soon as the sun rose over Mangerton Mountain, it leaped through the eastern window and played bo-peep round my bed curtains, and in the evening, the cool, life-giving breeze, after descending the mountains and kissing the limpid lakes, came whispering through the casements of another, while immediately below the third, a beautiful and neatly laid out lawn, with gravel walks, rockeries, fountains, and rose-bushes, sloped away down the gentle hillside.

Bridget, the plump and accomodating chamber maid, promptly supplied me with some whisky, sugar and water, superintended the making of the

punch, drank my health, and a share of it ; and when she discovered that, I was not an Englishman, would, without hesitation, I am sure, have pulled off my coat and pants, had I asked her.

Next morning after breakfast, "Barney the boots" procured me a car, and one of the cleverest drivers the country afforded. Hat in hand, Paddy Mulrooney, the celebrated Killarney car driver stood before me, and when by dint of patient, bashful enquiry, he found out what was wanted, he did not allow much grass to grow under his feet before he returned with the only three things which he loved or valued on earth : his horse, a young wife, and a bouncing baby. After throwing the little three year old heels over head into the "well" of the car, the young mother, with the agility of a London lamplighter, sprang from the seat to present me with a stout shillelagh of charmed Irish oak. Before handing it to me, however, and while cutting in a scientific manner the "true lovers knot" with it, she had to instruct me how to "kill schnakes or any other venomous sarpints" with it ; and still remain at a safe distance.

"Jist make," said she, "a circumference round it with one end o' the schtick yer honor, an' with the tother, cut the sign o' the cross, between you an' the sarpint or what some ever it may be, an' as sure as I'm a livin' woman, it'll be aisy payin' for *that* schnake's supper."

I accepted the present, and deliberately drew from my pocket some silver, but Mrs. Mulrooney declared with vehemence, that she "wouldn't take no money" at all, at all. "No indeed," she protested, "it wasn't for

that that I done it, no indeed it wasn't. Its jist a fashion I have, an' I can't help it, so I can't. So *there's* for ye now!" The little urchin which, (since a popular American writer, has proved a baby to be a beast, I suppose I may use the pronoun which) all this time lay sprawling on the car, had not however any such scruples, for he clutched at the piece of money, and fairly crowed with delight when he had secured it. And although his generous mother told me several times, that it was "too much intirely sir," I could see her as we drove off, tickle and tumble the little miser about in her arms, with perfect satisfaction.

Armed with my charmed Irish oak stick, we drove towards Killarney and soon found ourselves in the neighborhood of the pleasure grounds noticed the evening before. The gates generously stood open, early as it was, inviting tourists and the merry band of fiddlers, pipers, peddlers, guides and impostures, who accompany them, to enter and enjoy themselves. In the town several strangers with green covered guide books in their hands, walked leisurely along the streets, while boys and men with bare feet, and young girls with naked necks and disheveled hair, rushed around selling fruits and flowers, also, wooden toys made from the wild arbutus trees, which grow luxuriantly around the lakes. These, together with the ballad singers, fiddlers and pipers that blew and scratched, and screwed and bellowed, at every corner, made life appear quite lively in Killarney that morning. After passing the day among these merry makers and traders, and making all kinds of purchases, both in the town and in the parks,

I returned wearied and tired to my hotel late in the evening.

Biddy and Barney were very glad to see me, for they had begun to fear that I might have made too free with "Will o' the Wisp" in the bogs beside the lakes. And it was not, as they thought, without good reason that they were uneasy; for many a whisky and way-worn wight, has been drowned in these bottomless bogholes by Will, the vagabond! But, what in their opinion made the matter worse in my case, was the fact, that they heard me on the blessed night before, declare my disbelief of all stories relating to the "little gentlemen," familiarly called fairies. For it is all very well not to be too much afraid of the fairies, whether they approach us in the shape of a burning wisp, or a hare, or a cluricune, or a banshee; but to disbelieve in them altogether, is the very worst thing that man, woman or child can do.

On the following day, I visited the Gap of Dunloe, and *coom a dhoo* (the black valley,) but, to any one who has ever visited the valley of the Yosemite in California, or any one of the mountain passes of the Sierras, these diminutive Kerry specimens of mountain scenery, will present very little noteworthy features.

However, we would not wish to be understood, as undervaluing the general beauty of the scenery around Killarney. The district is indeed, dreamily beautiful with every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful. There are grand and gigantic mountains; with noisy streams, and wild cataracts flashing down their sides; dark green woods with their stately trees, and

clustering shrubs ; elegant mansions and lovely villas with their decorated deer parks, lawns and pleasure grounds ; stately ruins of temples, round towers and feudal castles, reposing on verdant slopes beside the silvery lakes which glitter like diamonds in the sunshine. Killarney is indeed, a most attractive spot—a spot where everything seems fresh, striking and piquant.

As every student of Irish song and story, must be familiar with the legend of the O'Donoghue and his white horse ; it is only necessary for me to say here, that I visited the O'Donoghue Castle, and saw the window from which the chieftain took the fatal leap ; and that as one of the ancient earls of Kildare, cased in armour, and mounted on a stately steed reviews his shadowy troops, annually on the Corough of Kildare ; so the princely O'Donoghue, gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney, at early dawn on every May morning.



CHAPTER IV.

Good bye to Killarney.—Belfast.—Tyrone among the Bogs and Bushes.—Love Making and Whisky—An Irish Courtship.—An Irish Fiddler.—The Evil Eye.—Love among the Gipsies.—Courtship, Extraordinary.—The Irish Purgatory.—Jig Dancing.—An Irish Wake.—The Cove of Cork.—The Blarney Stone.

After spending so long a time in the south and east, I thought it now proper to turn my attention to the "black north." So making my way directly to Cork, I took passage on a little coasting steamer, for Belfast.

In the exhibition of commercial enterprise, and the outlay of capital, Belfast is far ahead of either Dublin or Cork ; but, while the tall chimneys of a thousand spinning mills, which puff their sooty breath into the air, would remind one of the great manufacturing towns of England ; with the inhabitants, everything has gone to roaring, rioting, cursing and swearing. It is, however, only in a place like Belfast where fat gentlemen of every faith know so well how to make men hate each other, for the love of God that zealous Christians can learn how to burn bibles and throw brickbats to perfection.

You will now, kind reader, have the goodness to follow me into Tyrone, "among the bogs and bushes," and fancy me in full possession of a six-by-nine room, in

the only hotel of which the modest little village of Five-Mile-Town can boast.

The day after my arrival in this village, was the one on which the weekly market usually falls, and from an early hour the four or five roads which centre in the village were fairly crowded with cattle, hogs, hens and ducks, and their half-naked drivers from the neighboring mountain slopes. On every side, save one, the little village steals almost imperceptibly away into gardens and cultivated fields; and on this one side is an extensive common for the show and sale of stock. Into this gravelly waste, stock from every direction and of every variety, were crowded in the sweetest confusion imaginable; and then commenced a scene of bickering, bantering and buying, never to be witnessed elsewhere outside of Ireland.

After strolling around for sometime among the motley throng, I soon fell in with a few acquaintances, and with them returned to my room, to find it already occupied by a party of young boys and girls. Some of them who prided themselves not a little on their singing and dancing, had got gloriously intoxicated, while others, yielding to the sweet promptings of their hearts, were seated on the half of their sweethearts' chair, their arms carelessly resting on its back, ready, as Burns would have it, to steal upon her bosom, "unken't that day."

We were just about to retire disappointed, when one of my companions named Ned, was most fortunately recognized by a lively little *girsha* at the door.

"Hallo," she exclaimed, "How are ye Ned, come in, man, if ye be fat. Does yer mother know yer out,"

and then handing him the glass out of which she had been tippling, and exposing at the same time a piece of her chair, she continued, "see, here's a sate, man, an' share o' this to ye." Ned Doorish deliberately tossed up the bottom of the glass, and then formally introduced us to Miss McKenna, who on turn, and in her own way, soon made us acquainted with all in the company, save one timid, retiring young—well we wont say anything about ages, I never like to touch upon the delicate topic—beauty whose delicate organism could hardly, it was hinted, withstand the shock of an abrupt introduction, and who seemed to "sit fast" in the far corner of the room. At my request, however, Miss McKenna plucked up courage and approached her. "This is Miss Reilly," said my friend softly as we approached the corner. Miss Reilly and I bowed to each other, and I think she blushed slightly, but of course there was too much of the old Californian in me to be guilty of any such weakness. Now Miss Reilly's hair was as black as the raven's wing, and her eyes, into which I could look far and deep, were "brown and bonny," and although some might consider her person too slender, she appeared to me a perfect type of beauty, ease and elegance. Well, after seating myself "forninst" her, for as I thought, the first time, and looking for a short while earnestly into the bewildering recesses of her bonny brown eye, I began to suspect that I had been "there before," yet how could it be possible. Well, indeed it was possible; it was my long lost and loveable *colleen machree*; so throwing myself into a melodramatic attitude, I raised her lovely wee hand to my

lips, and murmured "Catherine." Catherine was about to scream out "unhand me sir," but after a second look,—a look, which like vapor in the summer sunshine, sweetly dissolved into vacancy,—she relented and selecting a suitable place for depositing herself, she fainted. I was now in a most bewildering situation; but, as the girl remained gentle, and as the flowers of sweet recollection, came in to soothe and calm my spirit, my courage rose with the occasion for it: and I thought that if ever human being was formed to realize my ideal of a real heroine, that individual was Catherine Reilly. Well, after some neat *cuggering* (whispering) on my part, and a little judicious sprinkling, she soon recovered consciousness, and then we were very soon all right again with each other. She remembered the days when I, with a general air of self-reliance, led her through hazel thickets in search of birds' nests and fugitive butterflies; and well too, did she remember the day that she fell into the duck-pond, and how I, with a heart for every fate, plunged in and rescued her from a watery grave, and then sunned her so well on the lee side of a thorn hedge that her mother never knew it. Then we remembered, how when at school, we both read out of the one book; how, when hard up for reading matter, and full of "love divine," we could always fall back on "Butler's Lives of the Saints;" how I used to sympathize with the sweet St. Mary of Egypt; and how, she on turn admired the Christian fortitude of St. Francis. But with all this,—and she blushingly acknowledged it,—it would have been exceedingly difficult to make me follow the

example of the good saint, so long as she could not be transformed into a snow-heap.*

There are some days, one never forgets. I doubt if I ever forget those days, and though I have jogged through many calmer ones, there has been none like them,—none! The whole neighborhood, however, was soon made desolate, by the closing of the famous school.

The teacher, exchanging the pen for the spade, turned his attention to agricultural pursuits; although the people by common consent, acknowledged, that their literary heavens could never again be illumined by such another orb of light, and glory.

It was just about the time of the extinguishment of this luminary, that we began to disbelieve the story about “good people,” rowing themselves down the stream, through the hazel thicket, into which we had so often been tempted during the nutting season, in boats made of bubbles; and having to believe in something, we of course, continued to believe in Catherine. Not wishing, however, that our little love affairs should become a theme for idle discourse, we also continued to mind our “p’s and q’s.” It frequently happened, that her big brother would have to go away to the market or mill; and then it was that we could enjoy a moment’s pleasure;—then it was, that the set of signals which we had adapted came into play with success. These signals of ours, if not altogether as perfect as the mariners code, answered our purpose very well; and when giving me to understand that the coast was clear, they

* Whenever St. Francis found himself strongly tempted by the emotions of the flesh, he, it is said, always plunged his naked body into a heap of snow

always worked to a charm. Never did a ship-wrecked sailor strain his eyes more anxiously to catch a glimpse of a friendly sail than I have, day in and day out, for one sight of that white familiar *shimagh*. And when at last it would make its appearance on the very top-most towering height of a friendly old hawthorn tree, the joy of the sailor on being rescued from impending peril could not exceed mine. How light-hearted I would then steal over on the sly, take my seat by the backstone, and throw a piece of turf, a small potato or maybe a coal from the fire into her lap; and how lovingly she would hurl back the spark, at my beloved head. [N. B.] This was a sure sign that my seat was not more acceptable than myself, for had it been so, that spark could have lain in that lap until it had sunk a shaft through the bran new apron, and a sub-stratum of three or four quilted petticoats, before she would have stooped so low to lift so little. But as she responded briskly every time, it was then proper to creep a little closer, and pull the knitting needles out of her stocking or the hair-pin out of her hair. Thus, step by step, and inch by inch, did I gain upon her affections, until she blushing yielded up to me one-half of her chair, and swore to be constant for ever. Och, murder and Irish! isn't it sweet to be alone? when one has his sweetheart beside him. Day after day, Catherine's love increased, and my passion ripened and good reason it had to ripen too; for, besides being the direct descendants of Irish kings, the O'Reillys are connected with the English aristocracy, through the Fitzdoodles on the mother's side.

But all this, only rendered our parting particularly

severe. I shall never forget that day ; and the agony it brought us. She wept bitterly ; and compromising with my dignity for the first time, I gave the roar, customary on such occasions. Then, clasping her hands in mine convulsively, I exclaimed, " Catherine ! my love ! farewell ! and if forever ! fare thee well ! To have loved truly, though we have, loved in vain, shall be our consolation." There was wisdom for you ; for after all, it is a consolation to know, that we have had a heart.

Once in Five-Mile-Town, and we were on the "*ould sod*," sure enough. We knew well every foot of ground over which we walked, and remembered every lane, gate, and stile, from the time of our early boyhood. And now, as we carelessly rambled about among the old haunts, we could not but look back, and think of the thoughts which had filled our mind during our early wanderings. How many of those gawky gainless days I spent in wandering over green slopes, and along the banks of babbling streams, and in composing rhymes in honor of Catherine Reilly—rhymes which no human eye but my own ever saw—it would be hard to tell ; but it is enough to know that I created for myself my own romance, though to the eye a most unromantic youth, and wandered through woods and hazel thickets, with many thoughts, of which they who knew me best, knew nothing. When starting from California, I thought, that to wander again for a season, among the scenes of my childhood, would be charming beyond measure ; but alas ! for human hopes, and human expectations. When, without any fanciful coloring, I saw my favorite springs and streams, once

lovely and clear as crystal, tramped into mud puddles by the rude hoofs of ungainly oxen, and the once stately old hawthorns turned into lifeless rubbing posts;—when I saw the old familiar faces, supplanted by younger and less friendly ones, and the sun setting apparently *in the wrong place*, I was disappointed and disgusted. One thought, however, directed towards the lovely and prosperous shores of the Pacific, towards the far west, the land wherein my future home shall be, quickly dispersed the gloom that was fast gathering around me. There I remembered a brilliant sun rises and sets in the *right place*; there, the little birds and bees labor among fruits and flowers, more successfully for the benefit and amusement of man; there, such words as want and penury are unknown, and there the scenery of mountain, valley, glade and glen, in grandeur and sublimity, if not in fairy *donnyness*, surpasses that of any other land on earth. Away then thought I, from this land of misery, wretchedness and misrule, to the land of plenty,—to “the land of the brave, and the home of the free.”

From that moment my mind was made up, but, could I ever think of leaving Tyrone for the last time, without shaking my foot with free good will to the music of my old friend Dennis Doorish? As well expect me to keep sober in a distillery. What! Is it to go away from my native glen without dropping a tear or dancing a jig?—Never! by the hole in my coat, death! before dishonor. Shake my foot I shall and then,—why, then! “My native land good night.”

Now this same Dennis Doorish, the celebrated Irish fiddler to whose music I danced my last jig in my na-

tive glen, was at one time quite a character in the neighborhood about which I have been writing. Although a cripple from infancy, he could play the fiddle with an air of freedom, sing a good song, fight off sleep with the bravery of a major general, and hide away a glass or two of mountain dew like any other man. Without, however, any love for wrong or any apparent inclination towards evil, his whole nature was honest, simple, pure and good. A smile perpetually lighted up his round Irish face and at the sound of a good joke, his light gray eyes would twinkle like two stars on a frosty night. Affectionate, generous, healthy, and happy, Dennis Doorish just lived from day to day, a playful, fun loving, pure and perfect example of what nature meant man to be, and in my humble opinion, philosophers might journey from the remotest regions of the earth to learn wisdom at this Irish cripple fiddler's feet.

While claiming nothing, Dennis possessed a large interest in the affairs of the neighborhood. No courtship could be carried on successfully without his knowledge and assistance; no more than a wedding, christening, or harvest home could be properly celebrated without him. In short, he seemed to hold in his hands the happiness of his neighbors; but as the animal was always in good condition, he never sent any of them away with a sore heart.

Being as before observed, a cripple from infancy, he had to ride about from house to house, on the back of an old donkey which, for square cunning and sagacity, was almost a match for its master. It would know him in any crowd, come to him at his call, stand still

when it found him in danger of falling off; and whenever he got drunk, it would stagger for him.

But, in order to give the reader anything like a fair idea of what Dennis Doorish, and his donkey was to the people of Aughentain, I must go back and give a brief history of their career, up to the present writing. The donkey's story is soon told. He was sired by a Spanish jack and d—d by everybody that attempted to ride him in the absence of his master. And as for Dennis, he was third son of a decent honest couple, who, as they say in Ireland, were blessed with four or five children, all boys save one, that they after much hesitation concluded to call Belle; although about *her* "persuasion," there are grave disputes to the present day. Well up to the time that the hero of our story had reached his third year, these boys were all as healthy and as good looking children as could be found in all Ireland, and that's saying a good deal. A proud man was Paddy Doorish of these fine children, and a proud woman too was his wife; and they say it was enough to make any Irishman proud of the breed of his countrymen, to see them all standing together in their father's cabin door on a fine May morning, with their beautiful flaxen hair hanging in curls about their rosy cheeks, and a big laughing potato smoking in their hand.

A sad blow, however, was soon to be given to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Doorish by a cunning woman who was well known about the country, by the name of "Moll Roe," which literally means Molly of the red hair. This red haired vixen like all her sort, could, by means of mysterious sayings or charms, charm away

warts and wans, foretell the death of any individual, describe the movements of those in the other world, and know all their wants and wishes, which she would kindly relate to the friends of the departed and thereby enable them to supply those wants. Nearly every one in the parish, from a desire of propitiating superior beings of a malignant nature and a wish to avoid words of ill omen, I opine, treated her civilly if not with very great respect. But, there will always be some people foolhardy enough to annoy fairy mediums by making too free or by pretending to disbelieve in them altogether, and sooner or later all such silly people learn better. For when they chance to wake up some fine morning to find a calf dead with the black leg, a horse in the staggers, the chickens in the pip or the pig in the measels, they are sure to come to their senses, for there is no end to the mischief which these women with red hair may play, if you annoy them or neglect to give them what they wish.

Whether Mrs. Doorish was one of these incredulous people, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is she must have incurred the hostility of Mrs. Moll Roe in some way or other; for as she sat combing the flaxen hair of her beautiful boy in the bright sunshine, at her own cabin door, on one of the most dangerous days in all the year,—May Eve—who should come and stand right “forninst” her but “this same said” Moll Roe! in the morning.

Now it is well known in Ireland that May Eve is, above all the days in the year, peculiarly dangerous to mortals, a day on which the “little gentlemen” possess the power, as well as the inclination to do all sorts

of mischief; a day on which the "evil eye" is deemed most malignant, and a day on which youth and beauty are especially exposed to peril.

How Molly came to the cabin door without any one seeing her, is hard to tell; but come she did, and there she stood for several minutes on this peculiar day, without as much as saying "God save all here," and as is usual on such occasions, Mrs. Doorish was too much put about to think of speaking the saving words herself, and so they were left entirely unsaid. The story is soon told. Dennis, the darling of his mother's heart fell, in a few minutes after, down in a fit in which he lost all power of his lower limbs, and although his head body and arms continued to develope themselves in a wonderful degree, until he was over twenty, his feet and legs shriveled up and remained about as thick as the handle of a whip and just as flexible. This naturally made poor Mrs. Doorish very unhappy; and more particularly because the neighbors began to suspect that her child was something not right, that he was in a word a changeling; and what helped to confirm their suspicions, was the fact that his eyes were continually moving in his head, as if they had the perpetual motion. His poor mother could not of course long disbelieve what every one said was true, but still she did not like to see the child abused.

However, she at last consented to let some of the neighbors who were experienced in such matters, put the youngster out on the shovel, and seat him on a hot griddle, experiments which duly convinced her that the boy was indeed her own son, somewhat deformed it was true, from having been brought under the influ-

ence of the evil eye; but still her own darling boy. Well, the next thought with her,—for who will think like a mother!—was as to how the boy might be brought up to earn decent bread for himself. Fortunately, before the little fellow was five years old, he had been noticed to have an excellent ear for music, and it was also remarked, how that the first time he ever heard a fiddle tuned in his life, he threw up his puny legs, bumped himself in the cradle and fairly squealed with delight. His poor mother was delighted to hear and see all this, and so she immediately advised the old man to take the pig to the market and buy Dennis a fiddle. This done, a professional fiddle player was soon engaged to learn him the gamut, but the youth seemed quite as much up to the business as if he had been all his life a dancing master. Seeing this, the musician wished the mother joy of her son, swore he was a natural *genius*, born with a fiddle in his belly, and declared that “in less than no time,” with the help of a little good instruction from himself, there would not be a match for him in the whole country. So well he might say it; for soon there was not a fiddler in the nine counties of the north, that could come at all near him in playing. “Hand me down the tacklings.” “Haste to the wedding,” or any of the fine old Irish jigs which seem to put quicksilver in people’s feet and make them dance whether they will or no. Bless my eyes boys! wasn’t it glorious to hear him strike up “Moderagh Rue,” or the “Fox Hunters’ Jig.” Why you would really think you heard the hounds giving tongue; the huntsman cheering and the terriers yelping behind,—in short, it was the very next thing to hearing the hunt itself.

While Dennis was thus pouring sunshine into the hearts of his associates, with his popularity at the highest pitch, he, unfortunately for himself, if favorable to the still greater amusement of his neighbors, fell in with a blind girl belonging to a gipsy family well known in the neighborhood, with whom, to the surprise of all who knew him, and supposed they also knew where vitality with him began and ended, he contrived to carry out an intrigue till the *youngest of three* told on them.

The character of every nation, is strongly marked in the habits and customs of its people ; but, in no people that has ever come under the observation of a writer are those characteristics so completely developed, as in the wandering beggars or Bohemians, that make every house their home.

Jamie Cambell, the father of this blind girl, and his wife, Hannah Breen (here let me remark, by the way, that the circumstance of the girl's father and mother bearing different names need cause no scandal, as it is quite common in Ireland for a decent married woman to retain for life her maiden name), had, like their forefathers, as far back as tradition could trace them, both been raised to begging, and now pursued their calling with energy and sometimes with very great success. For they were, in cases where stern purse-proud parents refused to let the course of true love run smooth, very expert messengers and active agents and consequently they often received very rich rewards for their cleverness.

When the news of his daughter's dishonor came to Jamie's ears, he was inconsolable, but he, however,

still continued to trot from house to house, to receive the sympathy of the people, and to tell them over and over again about his sad misfortunes. And it so happened, that there was always somebody in every house who "never heard nothing," about Jamie's excessive grief, so Jamie had there and then, to tell the story another time.

Now, as I have been fortunate enough to hear Jamie in a tone as peculiar to himself as it was plaintive, relate his grievances more than once, and as I have my doubts about being able to do justice to the subject myself, I propose to give them in his own words, remarking, by the way, that he invariably directed his discourse to the woman—to the woman of Ireland, who never allow a prudish notion of modesty in language to mar their amusements. Well, after crawling up close to the "backstone," and sticking a coal in his pipe, Jamie, on the last occasion on which I had the good fortune to hear him, began by addressing as usual, the *ban a thee* or woman of the house: "Ye see ma'am, my daughter Mary was *dark* in both eyes, an' she had an awful fine taste for the music entirely, an' so the people advised me to send her to larn to play the fiddle. Well, to besure at long an' at last I consented to send her to Dennis Doorish, the dirty blaguard—May bitther bad luck attend him, both night an' day—An' what would ye have ov it, on that very day that me an' Hannah—poor sowl I pity *her* any way—led my blind daughter Mary, over Mullinahash Mountain, (I mind it well an' will till the day I die—for by the same token I knew there was somethin' afore me) my heart was sore an' heavy, an' sure

enough I said to Mary : ‘ Now Mary darlin’ , won’t you be a good girl an’ larn to play the fiddle well ? an’ then, (says I,) it will be no longer Mary Cambell with ye, but, Miss Cambell come to the parlor at plase.” Then I gave Dennis a good half-crown, an’ Mary larnt him a song that was worth another half-crown, that was my good five shillin’s, an’ the cripple rascal afther all that never larnt her a tune but “ Ould Morna Gibberlan ” and “ Ally with the Long Nose,”—tunes dear, that she could never play in any daycent company. But, between you an’ I an’ the wall dear, an’ to make a long story short dear, *that* wasn’t the worst o’ it, so I may as well tell ye at onc’t (an’ troth an’ sowl dear, it’s a sorry man that I am, that’s her father, to have to tell it)—’pon my sowl dear, he disfranchised her !” “ Well, Jamie !” enquired the old woman, “ what on earth tempted you to leave your daughter alone with Dennis Doorish, or any other man ? Don’t you know the devil was always in the men !” “ Its throe for ye ma’am,” resumed Jamie, “ an’ sure of a sartinty I never ’ud a done it, only the neighbors tould me that the dirty blaguard had—had—*Oh, Weirra Dheclish !* Isn’t it me that’s to be pitied.”

Thus, Jamie, amid roars of laughter, invariably ended the story of his grievances and his daughter’s shame. But, the serious part of the business was, what should be done with Dennis, the seducer of Jamie’s blind but musical daughter ? Some of the more rigidly righteous were for resorting to extreme measures, but as poor Dennis, the prince of nature’s noblemen, stood or rather sat ready to marry the girl, and thus make reparation for all the mischief he had

played, they were completely disarmed and driven to their wits end. Soon, however, a congress of all the old women in the parish, with the priest acting as chairman, assembled to consult seriously on the matter, but alas ! for the course of true love, after deliberating calmly and dispassionately for several weeks, they decided that the erring couple could not under any circumstances become man and wife ; but, that on the contrary, Mary might return to her parents, while the ubiquitous Dennis, donkey and all, should be sent on a pilgrimage to the Irish purgatory, at Lough Derg.

Now the history of this famous locality, is in itself worth a passing notice. The entrance to this Irish "hell of the holy" was formerly placed on an island in Lough Derg, through which flows the Shannon. Tradition tells us, that St. Patrick, (in the language of a modern American divine) spoke to the Lord to locate the entrance to purgatory on this island, so that all unbelievers might see for themselves, and become converted. God, as the story goes, heard the apostle's prayer ; and then pious monks, with great solemnity, guarded the sacred spot for centuries, while the religious enthusiasm of the middle ages brought thousands of pilgrims to it, from all parts. But, as the devotional ceremonies gradually began to dwindle down into something partaking of the character of Donnybrook Fair and a Burn's Holy Fair combined, the mysteries of the dark cavern at length began to dissolve, and the entrance to the "hell of the holy patriarchs" was then removed—after the manner that mountains are removed, I suppose—to another holy island in the center of another Lough Derg, in the mountains of Donegal. This bleak

little island is now, and has been for many years, the *true* purgatorial isle to which Irish sinners like Dennis Doorish are being sent in annually increasing numbers. The ceremonies, which last for several days, and which consist of praying and singing, are said to be very fascinating ; but then what of it ? Dogs, cats, birds and many other animals can be fascinated. The lower orders of animals, however, struggle against the fascinating power, and are never more than its captives, while man on the contrary often becomes a willing captive to influences wholly contemptible. How often has it been observed at "camp meetings," even here in free-thinking, progressive America, that "those who came to scoff remained to pray." The sensible being of half an hour ago suddenly becomes fascinated through the influence of the frenzy—a purely human frenzy, by the way—by which he is surrounded, and as an active instrument of that which came upon him as a terror, he is now busy singing, jumping and shouting, like any other lunatic.

We found Dennis, on this occasion, playing away in a cabin on the side of a mountain, and not, as it appeared, without effect either ; for as we entered the door, everything in the house seemed disposed to dance. The plates and dishes jingled on the dresser, the pots and pot hooks rattled in the chimney corner, and a few of the more sober fancied (may be it was no fancy) that they felt the chairs and stools moving from under them. But, however, it may have been with chairs and stools, it is certain that but few who were there that night, could remain long in a sitting posture, for both the old and the young, the grave and the gay, all in turn took to

dancing, which we kept up spiritedly to clear daylight in the morning. It has been my fortune to witness the mirthful manifestations of human bipeds in many lands; I have seen seductive waltz with all its significant attitudes, tempting polka with its alluring postures, the grand quadrille with all its gayety, and at the end I believe the lively Irish jig, well seasoned with some stout Irish whisky punch, is still triumphant.

At the dance we had the good fortune to fall in with two "strapping" young Irishmen, the living representatives of two families long famous in Ulster—the Kennys and O'Dohertys, ever famous for patriotism and hospitality.

Now John Kenny, I will venture to say, was as jolly a companion over a jug of punch as you could meet from Fair Head to the Cove of Cork. A regular harum-scarum, devil-may-care sort of a fellow, and always singing national songs, reciting patriotic verses, or talking some nonsense or other. And among the rest of his folly, he would sometimes pretend not to believe in ghosts or fairies. And as for James Doherty, he would as soon pass an old churchyard cemetery, or a regular fairy ground at any hour of the night, as go from one room into another. A roving, dashing, fearless blade was James; give him plenty of whisky and he would defy the devil, face a mad bull, or fight single-handed against a fair. Such, then, were the companions I there found, and as an old woman, who went by the name of "Peg Trot the cup tosser," had died the evening before, our meeting in time for the wake was a very godsend.

Well over that night we all went to the wake and encountered heroically the dense cloud of tobacco

smoke and the glare of the countless lighted candles which diffused throughout the house as much heat as light. The corpse, neatly dressed out in a white cap and winding sheet, and ornamented with a cross, a set of beads, and a little salt over the region of the heart, was laid out on a barn door which had been taken off its hinges for the occasion. This door was fastened on the seats of two strong chairs, while two tables beside them fairly groaned under a load of white plates, lighted candles, pipes and tobacco. After saying a "*Pater an' Ave*," and securing some pipes and tobacco, the old folks generally retired to the adjoining dwelling houses to smoke their pipes and tell their stories, and give the youngsters a chance to kiss and court and try their strength. Well, when all the young men in the neighborhood had tried their strength, activity and endurance, right in good earnest, John Slash, the best story-teller in the country, sat in the chimney corner, ready to keep the whole company in a continual uproar with his ludicrous gesticulations and ready wit.

There is, it may be proper to say here, in every parish or district in Ireland, always some natural genius—some wonderful personage, who with a good memory and a fertile imagination can overwhelm a Methodist minister at "arguing scripture;" tell any amount of comic tales and humorous anecdotes, and become at once the gifted prophet, herald, and historian of the peasantry. These local chroniclers of exciting scenes, dim traditions, and hoary legends, with their sweet, *brogueish*, flexible voices, fluent tongues, buoyant spirits, and an inexhaustible supply of comic hu-

mor and native wit, are generally very much respected, while they in turn appreciate above all earthly things, *daycent* wakes, weddings, dances, and funerals.

Well, on this particular night, John Slash was; we must say, a very agreeable companion. He sang some sweet songs, danced a good country jig, "boxed the Connaught man," and "shuffled the brogue" in a masterly manner, and at the end, after quoting scripture like a parson, he read us an excellent sermon out of the sole of his old shoe. After John Slash had tired himself out, John Kenny now started up and recited the third act of a tragedy. Why he did not select something lighter for the occasion I could not then find out, and in all probability never will, for John Kenny is not the man to be profanely questioned on such matters.

"Now then," said Jim Doherty, after Mr. Kenny had resumed his seat, "I'll give yes a touch." So in the mellowest of mellow voices, he "rowl'd" forth the following, stretching out some notes to a very great length, in order to imitate the singing of the peasantry:

"I'll dress you airy both night and mornin',

To milk yer cows by the ends of day;

By the bonny woodcock and lark so charmin',

O, Moorlough Mary won't you come away?"

"Faith its a beauty, Jim," says I, "can't you give us the beginning of it." "I can't then," says he, "for I forgot it, but can't you hould yer tongue, man, an' listen at any rate." My heart was going pit-a-pat, and I couldn't hould my tongue, so I couldn't, and so I again made free to ask him, "an' did she come, Jim."

"Arra whisht, man," says he, "an listen, can't ye, its herself that speaks :"

"Yes ! I'll press your knees an' your beard I'll tease,
And milk your cows, love, two times a day,
By the whirring moorcock and lark so charmin',
Your Moorlough Mary will come away."

Just as Jim had finished this fragment of a favorite old song, the crowing of the "first cock" announced the approach of the "wee sma' hour" when ghosts, goblins and cluricunes have full play among mortals, and of course every body was on the lookout. And the character of the night, too, when Jim Doherty—fool hardy man that he always was—threw open the door to let out the tobacco fumes, was not such as could help to calm one's spirits, for the rain fell in torrents, the lightnings flashed, the wind blew and the thunder rolled !—just such a night as

"E'en a child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand."

And what made matters still worse, when alive, Peg Trot was set down as a very loose, suspicious character. She could raise the wind or a thunder storm at any moment, kill or cure hogs, dogs, goats and children with equal facility, and what was still more remarkable—for she never had a husband—become a mother occasionally into the bargain. In fact she was a very mysterious woman entirely. But neither the fear of the corpse nor the dreadful hour of the night, nor even the sight of a ghost itself, could make Jim Doherty behave himself. Having heard that, for want of timely assistance to remove her, the old woman had re-

mained, in the chair in which she died until she had stiffened in a sitting posture, and that in order to keep her in a horizontal position on the barn door some ropes had to be passed over her knees and breast under the winding sheet, he saw at a glance that the removal of the ropes would bring her instantly into a sitting posture again. I repeat, as soon as he heard of the rope fixture, which but few in the house, it is fair to say, ever heard of, he saw the situation at a glance, and so prepared to come the ghost game over us. Well, after providing himself with a sharp knife, he very quietly and very modestly took his seat by the side of an unsophisticated young girl, who sat on a portion of the barn door beside the corpse, and while pretending to talk to the decent girl, the vagabond managed to pinch her in a peculiar place and in a manner calculated to make her think it was a "dead nip." The story is soon told. Like Dudu, the girl instantaneously screamed out, just at the moment the rope was cut, and as the eyes of the astonished company turned towards the spot from whence came the unearthly scream, they beheld with consternation and dismay the unshriven corpse of Peg Trot coming up with a jerk, and with a bran new pipe in her mouth, to the old sitting posture. The scene that ensued beggars description. A grand rush was made for the open door, where some rude crushing and swearing with much crossing and screaming set in, and on the whole such another whillaballoo was never before seen even at an Irish wake.

Seeing that the trick came very near being too successful, and thinking, not unwisely we believe, that the place would soon become too hot for further operations,

James Doherty very prudently "took the road on his head."

After thus passing away the winter in drinking, dancing, kissing and courting, we bid a long and in all probability, a last farewell to our jolly companions, and the green hills of Tyrone, and took the overland route to Cork, where, after a few days delay, we embarked for New York, and so returned to San Francisco in "three ships."

The "ancient ould" city of Cork, and the renowned "Bells of Shandon," are still seen and heard in all their glory and grandeur. Cork city is at present quite picturesque in appearance, and having of late years spread itself extensively on both sides of the river Lee, it is now in point of magnitnde the second city of Ireland, while for richness and beauty its suburbs cannot be surpassed. The irregular streets which invariably follow the tortuous course of the river and its tributaries; the roads which lead to the surrounding villages, and the ever green hills which slope up from the city on every side, are all replete with beauty. But, with all its suburban beauty, what would Cork be without its Cove?—without its Queenstown? Of this charming little town and harbor, what shall I say? Here the scene is everywhere one of ever changing beauty—here nature has certainly done her level best, for a lovelier spot she has never formed. A lovely harbor, completely land-locked and partially filled up with little fairy isles, on which handsome gardens and suburban villas are scattered about; a town, beautiful and well built, and of purely southern aspect, sloping up terrace after terrace on the sunny side on one of the

largest of these island-hills, on the very summit of which detached mansions quietly stand, overlooking the town, the harbor, the islands, and the huge headlands against which the wild Atlantic lashes itself into foam.

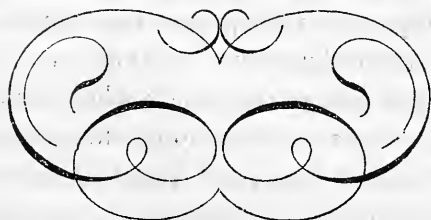
Since the visit of Queen Victoria, in 1849, Queens-town has grown in wealth and importance, very rapidly. Anxious no doubt, to administer a little beef tea to the sick sister, and to show at the same time what royal patronage *can* do among the low rabble that delve in the dirty clay, Britannia has at length located a dock-yard—the first for Ireland—at the Cove of Cork. We may be happy yet.

I lingered around the romantic Cove for four weeks, during which time I visited the celebrated groves of Blarney, Blarney Castle and the Blarney Stone, in company with some new made friends, one or two of whom I can never forget. Sweet, retiring, sensible Susan, how little you know about “man’s inhumanity to man,” and oh, how little a wicked and corrupt world can understand the feelings of a pure and sensitive heart! So long, Susan, as I have a mind to remember how nearly our readings corresponded when compared—how we settled up matters with Miss Braddon, Miss Jane Porter, and other lights of the school of artificial sentiment—I can *never* forget you!

Blarney Castle, which, like most others in Ireland, suffered greatly during the civil wars, is most romantically situated on an isolated rock about three miles north of the city of Cork. The great celebrity of the Castle is derived from the wonderful Blarney Stone,

whose touch confers the most winning eloquence.
Happy indeed, is the man who can kiss it.

“ 'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member,
Of Parliament.”



CHAPTER V.

Gradual Shallowing of Seas.—Everything Undergoes Change.—Our Earth Growing Larger.—Man a Mere Earth-Bound Worm.—Progress From Soils to Men.—Christianity versus Spiritualism.—Man a Progressive Animal.—Effects of Amalgamation.

Sailing so much on the ocean, while it gave us ample time for reflection, led us to wonder why three-fourths of this whole globe is nearly covered with water, and that only one-fourth is in a condition to be permanently inhabited by human beings. Is there any law in nature which prevents the proportion from becoming one-fourth water and three-fourths land, or even less water? Some of those old philosophers whose brains are supposed to be checkered with longitudinal and latitudinal lines, say that there is, but common sense would say that in this case, at least, their guessing machines must be out of order. Believing then that the old fellows are in this respect mistaken, and that many bright things may spring from the dusty corners of seclusion, we have resolved upon putting our "oar" into the watery subject, to guess a spell as well as they. Well then, since geologists are satisfied that the quantity of water on the earth's surface has not varied, nor, as a general rule, encroached upon the land during the past 2000 years, it is proof abundant that oceans and seas must be shallowing gradually. For, our large rivers displace annually an immense amount of water,

by forming deltas and drifting down into the deep recesses of the sea millions upon millions of tons of solid matter, which would keep the sea continually slopping over (I stole this phrase from Pixley) somewhere, were it not that a quantity about equal to the amount so displaced undergoes change—a change which we shall hereafter refer to—and so makes room for the drift, without altering landmarks materially. It is certainly true that the sea upon several occasions has made terrible inroads upon the land on the west coast of Europe, and other localities, but in the great majority of cases, the ground has all been recovered again. So that for one acre still remaining submerged, since men became intelligent enough to keep a record of such matters, a thousand instead that we know of have been reclaimed. When reflecting then on the vast quantity of water displaced annually by the agencies referred to, and on the fact that the ocean as a general rule never has permanently submerged one-tenth of the territory it has been forced to yield up, we are forced into the conclusion that it must be relieved in some way other than those with which we have been made acquainted.

In the rude ages men loved the marvelous, and so do all rude people at the present day, but thinking men seldom let false theories render them blind to facts. Of late years it has been observed that many ancient harbors and channels have become shallow; that estuaries for the most part have been converted into dry land, and that when, owing to the subsidence of the main ocean, a small body of water becomes isolated as in the case of the Dead Sea for instance, it

evaporates very rapidly, and leaves on the ground behind it an "alkali," or saline incrustation. Owing to its early isolation and consequent evaporation, the Dead Sea is now 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and on its borders extensive marshes and plains are found, covered with films of salt. Similar saline deposits are found at various points on the great American plains, but principally in the numerous basins which lie between the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains.

It is only of late years that surveys and soundings have afforded any data for comparison, but since they have been made correctly, the Adriatic, the Baltic, the Arabian Gulf, and many other inland seas present proofs of the gradual shallowing of seas. If we had such data for 6000 years to build our reasoning on, the result might be much more convincing and satisfactory. It is now a fact well known, that the Isthmus of Suez is double the width it was in the days of Herodotus, and that it is still gaining gradually, both on the Mediterranean and Red sea sides. Heroopolis, in the days of Herodotus was on the coast, now it is nearly in the centre of the Isthmus; and the harbor of Suez, in which a fleet once floated, is now high and dry. Besides the ruins of all the ancient ports in those parts are now found far inland, and still bearing the same names as the present ones. In several parts of Europe, also, towns or the ruins of towns, once on the coast, are at this moment removed miles from the sea shore; but this is less remarkable in a country where the faith of the early Christians removed mountains, and where by virtue of "the faith that was in him," a good saint

might dispatch a maritime town on a "mission" to the interior. It is, however, a received opinion among geologists, that the whole continent of Europe was at one time, the bed of an immense sea, but in order that science may not become all at once too "hostile" to revelation, they continue to say that probably a great continent was then in the place where the Pacific ocean is to-day spread. The fact is, nevertheless, that the quantity of water on the surface of the earth is "growing small by degrees and beautifully less." Ancient Tyre, once on the sea, is now far inland, and the ruins of ancient Sidon are no more on the coast, but miles from it, the modern town having been removed. On the south coast of Asia Minor, ancient havens are filled up, islands joined to the main land, and the whole continent has increased in extent, since the days of Strabo, and the land so gained is *stone*, not loose deposits. Again, the Caspian Sea is 300 feet lower than the Black Sea, and on its northwestern shores, a level tract of land abounding in saline plants, and containing stratified shells *of a species quite common in the adjoining sea*, stretches far away to an inland cliff, at the base of which an ancient beach is observed. Pallas has even observed, that the old line of sandy country between the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Azof, indicates an ancient strait which connected those two seas together, while to the east there are similar indications of connection with the salt lake of Aral.

On the American Continent, signs of the action of tides and currents are almost everywhere observable, in valleys and on mountains, as well as on the plains and prairies, where the furrows made by the action of

the waves, have been mistaken for the traces of the plow-share. Various theories have been put forth by scientific men, in explanation of the presence of so many large saline deposits in the desert basins between the Sierra Nevada range of mountains and the Mississippi river. The most popular one, and deservedly so, is that at some remote period these extensive plains were covered by a sea of salt water. But many of those who would cling to this very truthful theory, destroy whatever credit posterity might be compelled to give them for penetration, and scientific common sense, by attaching to it the very absurd "elevation" theory—a theory altogether untenable. Most of this sea water has, by the energy and activity of marine animals, been *changed* into solid rock, and the remainder, as will be shown hereafter, evaporated, leaving behind an "alkali" or saline incrustation. It is very evident that, notwithstanding the vast quantities of fresh water pouring annually into the Great Salt Lake in Utah, its waters become more dense—more impregnated with salt every season, as the quantity of water in the great basin grows gradually less. And it will at no distant day, become simply a "sink," so called, for Bear River, just as Owen's, Carson's and Humboldt's lakes are at the present time thought to be sinks for the rivers which bear their names.

But the action of the return trade winds has proved the fallacy of the term "sink" as generally understood. The capacity of these heated and expanded winds for licking up moisture is so immense, that large volumes of water that would form fertilizing rivers and expansive lakes, are swallowed to appease their insatiable

thirst, and thus a large extent of country that would otherwise "bloom and blossom like the rose," is converted into a wide waste of rocks, salt and sand. The waters of the Humboldt Lake for instance, *do not* sink, as is generally supposed, in the desert, to spring up again at lower levels hundreds of miles away from where they seem to disappear. Taking its rise among the mountains, the volume of water, as it emerges from the rocky ravines is at first large, but as it struggles on through the desert, these hot winds lick it up at every step, until at length a sickly stream no longer able to maintain the unequal contest, it at last resolves itself into a muddy pool, preparatory to taking its final departure for the clouds.

Some of these American mountain lakes are full with salt to saturation, while others contain very little, and this difference has led many to suppose that there must be some causes purely local, to produce it, but if they would only take into consideration the boundaries and depth of the original basins, and the direction of the winds referred to, they would not have to speculate so freely in local causes. The same parties would have us believe that there are no other traces of ocean deposits or products, beyond the deposits of salt, to admit of the classification of the country as the bed of an ancient sea. The fact is, however, that there are many valuable and extensive salt beds in Nevada State; that petrified fish and stratified shells abound on the sides and summits of the hills which hem in the plains of which we speak; that shale strata are found to a great depth in various localities on the Pacific slope, and that the very stone to be found in large quantities

throughout the State of Nevada, is composed of a collection of skeletons of shell-fish, hardened into solid rock by time and pressure—into a rock which, when burned into lime, makes excellent manure for the land. May we not then in all fair play set those shell-fish down as the first inhabitants of Nevada? I pause, as the preachers say, for a reply.

As their successors, the plants and land animals of to-day, live to change the very atmosphere which they inhale, into solid matter—into wood and bone—so they in their day and generation lived to change water—the element in which they lived, moved, and had their being—into solid rock. By the silent action of land animals, plants and fish, this world is at present gradually growing in size. The coal which we now use for fuel, and which may have remained in a solid form for millions of years, was originally wood, and that wood was formed principally from the elements of the atmosphere, and when burned, it returns again to the atmosphere in the shape of carbonic acid. So it is with all land animals. They, too, obtain their weight and bulk, partly from the vegetables which they consume, and partly from the air which they breathe, and when they die their decomposed bodies are appropriated by growing vegetables, which in turn are devoured by other animals, but the gaseous portion always returns to the atmosphere.

Through the agency of its animal and vegetable productions, the solid matter on the surface of our earth is therefore increasing in bulk at the expense of the atmosphere and water. This brief statement of facts—hard facts—should give us a good idea of the

origin of the salt deposits on the American plains, on the desert Gibbi, and in many other localities, while thousands of others might be related to prove that the Banks of Newfoundland over which we have lately sailed, will one day sun themselves in the open air. About this time the Panama Railroad, over which a good many of us have traveled too, will have to be extended at both ends, down to the sea; and, leaving the rest of the lovely Bay of San Francisco under the management of the State "Swamp Land Commissioners," the Sacramento River will run directly through the Golden Gate. Many no doubt, would wish to enquire as to where the water will go, but they should first find out where the water that covered the "tops of the highest hills," has gone to, as the trifle that yet remains will in all probability disappear in the same way. If they cannot satisfy themselves on this point they can go to—the Poles, and there find considerable of it piled away in the shape of ice and snow. But besides the large quantities of water stowed away every season where it would seem the earth has been "flattened" purposely for its reception and above the "snow line" on mountains, there are other powerful *agencies at work converting fluids into solids.*

Those morsels of animated jelly and atoms of pulp, the coral polypes, sluggish and seemingly helpless as they appear, are hard at work in annually increasing numbers, filling up the bed of the Pacific; that is, changing its waters, first into animated jelly, and then into coral rock.

Then we have the diatomaceæ, another class of

marine animals—a class which forms a great part of the bed of the ocean. The Victoria Barrier in the Arctic Ocean, four hundred miles long, by one hundred and twenty broad, is composed of this class of creatures, and yet so inconceivably small are they, that a vessel of one cubic inch capacity would hold five millions of them. But small and insignificant as they appear, they have to perform great wonders in the deep, and the success with which they accomplish their mission is truly marvelous. In the Bay of Bengal and Indian Ocean generally their presence streaks the water with patches of yellowish light, and gives to its surface the consistency of thick oil, and even here on the coast of California the ocean often assumes a deep vermilion color from the myriads of bright animalculæ which float about in its depths. It is therefore, I think, very evident that the waters are being gradually changed into solid matter; but as the change takes place slowly, silently, and in a manner almost beyond our comprehension, we have been led to adopt wrong notions on the subject.

The simplest facts of ordinary and familiar knowledge are the growth of ages, yet through thousands of errors, the truth at last fights its way into the human mind. Men in the olden time pursued traditional theory rather than investigated phenomena, and just as often went wrong as they went right. But all this is now being rapidly changed. All the old time sophistries are fast becoming as bubbles in the sunshine that burst and break with every breath we draw, therefore the most interesting chapter in the history of human knowledge will be the one which records the history of

our progress from the unknown and mysterious to the known and familiar. When this chapter shall have been completed, and the development of human knowledge shall have been compared carefully with its present and future proportions, we will then, but not till then, understand how much we owe to those persevering and progressive souls that followed up the labor of making us wise. To illustrate this, it is only necessary to glance at the history of the past and present condition of the most useful to humanity of all modern sciences—the science of medicine.

Harvey, by the discovery of the circulation of the blood, gave to medical knowledge the first great impulse which has made it a boon and a blessing to mankind, and the progress of the human mind towards truth is no where better exemplified. We all know now that the blood is the great source of preservation of the animal organism, but when we know at the same time, that man had to wait until he had become developed into a rational being before he could make any such discovery, simple as it is, what are we to think of the random ravings and stone-scratchings of men,—call them prophets or apostles, or what you will—who did not know that the blood circulated in their veins? From Harvey's doctrine there are now no "dissenters," because having no perplexing or conflicting "mysteries" about it, it rests securely on simple truth and common sense. Could a greater lesson be taught us for the reproof of our vanity and arrogance than this one learned from the records of anatomy?

Another valuable one might, however, be learned from the history of human costume. A *trousseau* for

the fairest of fair beings was once obtainable from a tree, and there are still portions of the earth's surface where there is a detestation of tailoring dexterity prevailing to an extent that would delight even the Menkin,—where lovers, and persons of the most undoubted standing in society, promenade in the most “permissive” manner with no other superfluity of costume than an umbrella.

Hercules has been frequently represented wearing a lion's skin, and Hyppolita, who was a queen and consequently, a pink of fashion in her day and generation, delighted in a garment of leopard's hide, and for a bonnet had adopted the skin of a smaller animal. Fond of ornament and trappings like her sex, she, according to the portrait to which we are indebted for our knowledge of the lady, considered that the pendant legs of the animal were most becoming, and so we find them dangling upon each side of her head. Looking then upon dress with a philosophic glance, we think there is a great deal of instruction in the cut of a coat, or “love of a bonnet,” as we are foolish enough to believe that the first fashion in such things was a “pretty thing” in skins.

Professional theorists and theologians will always continue to snarl at and denounce innovations of every shade, but as we said at the outset we must not mind them. Lofty Christian inferences and unlimited religious pretensions have, to use a theatrical term, nearly played themselves out, and man is fast coming to understand that he has nothing cosmical or universal in his nature; that he is a mere earth-born and earth-bound creature, and that such he must ever re-

main in spite of all theological speculations, poetic fancies, lofty contemplations, and unlimited pretensions. In infinite space and unending time all substances and forces are creative, and the *transition* of certain substances into other forms has simply been mistaken for *origination*. Nothing in organic or inorganic nature is permanent. Everything moves in an eternal circle of change.

There was a time when all nature was represented in rocks, and the atmosphere which surrounded them. By analysis these rocks are now found to be composed of sixty-four primaries, which accord analytically with the composition of all known substances—with all the substances that may be analytically separated from men, animals or plants. Philosophers, however, say that they cannot comprehend the process by which these primaries have combined, so as to eventuate in man as a climax to the operations of natural law, but the mystery is withal very easily explained. For ages these rocks sent forth a debris, and thus have *soils* been formed from rocks of all kinds, in which are represented all of the sixty-four primaries. Atmospheric influences then created the conditions necessary for organic growth, and as a consequence, this has been continually occurring. The lower class of plants receive *directly* from the rocks, lime, soda, potash, etc., and upon their decay all these are again deposited in the soil in a more *progressed* or improved condition. They are now capable of entering into formations of a *higher* class of plants. When these again decay they are in turn still further progressed, and thus they in turn form *part* of a still higher class of plants. Now

when any two of these primaries are combined in a progressed state, they present still newer functions, not common to either alone, and thus all changes in organic life *from soils to men*, have occurred. Is it wonderful, then, under the circumstance, that we should have several thousands of religious forms of worship, with the blind adherents of each form believing that all the rest are going straight to destruction. And all these religious theories are carefully formed to bewilder where they cannot satisfy, yet in every instance belief or disbelief must depend on the will. Without subjugating the understanding to the will, a belief in the doctrines of Christianity, for instance, is utterly impossible. No such belief can be attained through the understanding, or by any process of reasoning. If the idea be pleasing and be taught to us in early life, it is very easy for us to *persuade* ourselves of the truth of any doctrine, no matter how absurd, but it would be almost impossible for another to convince us that they are in the right, and that we are in the wrong, in opposition to the bias of our inclination. To convince a man against his *will*, never was and in all probability never will be an easy matter.

But with the progress of knowledge, and the advance of popular ideas, men's notions of religious forms and formulas change, and with them, churches *must* also change, or the people, who cannot exist without some fascinating delusion, will pitch their inevitable tabernacles outside of them. The position of the modern spiritualist for instance, is in his relation to the present age very much like the position of the ancient Christian

in regard to the popular systems of worship then prevailing. At the time Christianity first made its appearance in the world, all the more cultivated minds had discarded the old systems of belief in the gods and goddesses of the prevailing mythology. But the general disbelief of the common fancies concerning the Elysian fields, and the realms of Hades and Tartarus created a want—a want which Christianity met, and satisfied in a way that was both new and novel. Communication between men and women still living in their earthly bodies and the lamented dead was at once established to the complete satisfaction of all believers in Christ. Now then, as before the introduction of Christianity, there was among thinking men a general decay of faith in the existing creeds of popular worship ; so there is among the thinking world of to-day no active earnest faith in the leading tenets of Christianity. This decay of faith is both wide spread and deep, and out of the general skepticism has arisen now as of old an earnest feeling of want—a want which, as is claimed by the friends of progress, spiritualism meets and answers. The testimony of hundreds and thousands of upright, credible and intelligent men and women can be had, who are ready to assert and swear to the reality of their personal communications with departed friends who are long dead. The same evidence, therefore, upon which the Christian theories rest for belief, is now presented in favor of spiritualism. So those who feel morally bound to give a hearing to the evidence of the spiritual seers of eighteen centuries ago, who then professed to bring direct news from the invisible world, must in self-consistency feel equally

bound to give heed to the like evidenco offered them at the present day.

Religious forms of worship have so changed and perished since the earliest period—since man could first scratch on a stone, or stoop to think; and they must ever continue to do, so since every possible human attempt at the conception of a God, must continue futile. And as for the “footstool,” it has undoubtedly undergone a great many changes too, while the innumerable swarms of creatures which, from time to time, have crawled around it, and assisted in bringing about each successive change, were in turn for their pains swept into oblivion.

Geologists have classified the periods between these successive changes into what they call “ages,” and they thus sum up the history of their progress. The first, or Azoic age, when there was no life on the globe. The Silurian age, when shells or mollusks, corals and trilobites abounded in the oceans; when the continents were almost beneath the salt waters, and when there was no terrestrial life. The Devonian age, when fishes were found in the waters, and when the lands though yet small, began to be covered with vegetation. The Carboniferous age, when the land was densely overgrown with trees, shrubs and smaller plants, of the remains of which plants the great coal beds were made. In animal life there were now various amphibians and some reptiles of inferior tribes. The Reptilian age, when reptiles were exceedingly abundant, and the Mammalian age, when the reptiles had dwindled, and quadrupeds were in great size and numbers over the continents. Here the “lords of creation” put in an ap-

pearance, and thus slowly and silently one thing melted into another thing, just as a pollywog becomes a frog when time pulls its tail off. And this constant changing and mingling of one thing with another has, while furnishing him with everlasting employment, puzzled my friend the naturalist very much. It is however true that he has on several occasions made up his mind that he was master of the situation, and that he could tell the "tother from which;" but, sad to say, something, if only the discovery of an America or an Australia, came in to confound his inquiries. As spontaneous generation still goes on, nature could easily multiply faster than he could count. Nature is perpetually presenting us with numerous instances of minute subdivisions of animal life—subdivisions which utterly baffle our powers of conception.

Leewenhock tells us that there are more animals in the milt of a single codfish than men in the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of them. Besides, it is ascertained by the microscope, that the smallest insects with which we are acquainted, are themselves infested with other insects as much smaller than themselves, as those are smaller than the larger animals which they infest. How inconceivably small then must be the parts of such organized creatures. But by analogy we may carry our reasoning still farther, by conceiving that even these creatures may again be infested with others proportionally smaller, until we are more lost in the scale of descent, than we are in that of ascent through the regions of the universe. Our most powerful microscopes enable us to magnify with effect only forty or

fifty thousand times, whereas the atoms concerned in producing the phenomena of life are doubtless millions of times less than the smallest object which can be seen with the naked eye. Hence, the creation of the world, as it is called, and the laws of organization, confound the inquiries of men. Animal life exists and flourishes everywhere, and under all circumstances. Shrimps are found inhabiting the reservoirs of concentrated brine in salt works. Fish have been found in subterraneous lakes, and insects flourish in boiling springs. Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of animals used by us for food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organizations. The "*species*" *trinchina spiralis* about which so much has been said, and whose existence has been discovered in pork, is according to our best anatomists found in almost every muscle of the human body. An English authority tells us that it is a notorious fact that numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their kind in every corner of our frame. Indeed there is scarcely an organ in the human body free from their inroads! and all these creatures, from the smallest to the largest animal with which we are acquainted might, with their master man, exclaim: "Am I not fearfully and wonderfully made!" Life in a word may be set down as a misnomer, a mysterious mysticism, if we may use the expression. For we cannot conceive the smallness of the atoms which may and do conspire to build up our organized animals, no more than we can measure the extent to which these animals may in time grow. Our ignorance is never more clearly exposed than

when we are called upon to account for some of the commonest facts that lie around us. Yet man, the silly fly on the wheel, is satisfied that the earth, and everything that grows, crawls and creeps on its surface, was made and placed there for his exclusive benefit, while like all other things connected with it, he must be here only by the force of the immutable law of adaptability.

In the far famed caves of Kentucky and Trieste, rats, bats and fishes are found without eyes; because as there, in those deep and dark places, eyes to them would have been a superfluity, nature consistently withheld them, not for the fulfilment of any great purpose that we can see, but simply for sake of consistency. Again, Fungi are found at all depths and elevations, in the bottoms of the deepest mines, and on the tops of the highest mountains. They flourish alike on the roughest, the smoothest, the warmest and the coldest surfaces. They enter our houses, and eat up our floors and furniture until the wood rots, and the air becomes loaded with impure exhalations. Behold then, the green slime, which abounds on the surface of stagnant pools of water, under the microscope. Such a wonderful aggregate of life as it presents, such myriads of little organisms, each perfect in its way, and well fitted to perform its peculiar function. All these little illustrations of the law of adaptability with many others that might be added, certainly argue that circumstances control the creature. But familiarity we know leads to indifference, and breeds contempt. Who, for instance, would stop to think of the little black house fly with which we ought to be so familiar? Scarcely anybody

thinks of it but as a pest, for which the brush and poisoned fly-paper are considered good enough; yet, its history is in itself a chapter of marvels. Nature is, however, complete master of the situation. Beginning with the most simple forms, she can by adding to them gradually and successively in substance, cunning and energy, at length bring out a compound perfect structure. In this way, after the lapse of ages—ages that can never be counted—she has brought forth creatures capable of keeping records. Commencing with simple scratches on stones, the tendency to progressive improvement brought them gradually to copper plates, and then step by step, to type-setting, and telegraphing. But the progress of the human family does not end here. The same silent impulse which has carried man so far, will almost unconsciously, as the earth, and everything terrestrial, advances towards another changing point, surely and still more rapidly bring him to other marvelous pursuits and discoveries. In other words, the human race will, until another great change sets in, continue to grow in numbers, stature and knowledge.

This is, we know for two reasons, not a very popular tale, first because it does not flatter our vanity, and secondly because it contradicts traditional prejudices, but before men undertake to pronounce it absurd or unreasonable, they should, among other things equally important, be prepared to prove that men were as tall and as intellectual in the days when stone-scratching was one of the highest possible attainments as they are at the present time. Believing however, that the bones of an Egyptian mummy would appear as dimi-

native beside those of a modern Missouri bushwhacker as stone-stratching would appear crude in the presence of modern typography, we cling to our opinion that man has gained his present height and intelligent position by slow and toilsome steps; that so long as he was compelled to use his hands as a locomotive organ he could not keep a record, and hence the obscurity in which the early history of the human family is involved; that his superior cunning gave him at an early day the mastery over all other animals, thereby reducing the struggle for power to a conflict with his own species, and that in a word, the human family has grown, and must still continue to grow, generation after generation, in power, stature, and knowledge. And therefore by the time that our present swarms of men and animals shall have gone through as many generations in progressive improvement as have those monsters of men and mastodons whose fossil remains we meet with at every turn, the latter will not have much to boast over them in bulk and bones.

Now the silent testimony of these fossil remains of men and animals prove beyond cavil that this earth was once inhabited by a strange race of men and monstrous animals now extinct. It is only a few months since some miners right here in California discovered in a state of perfect preservation the bones of a fossil elephant—a creature twice the dimensions of the elephant now existing—and close beside them the bones and skulls of human beings, whose statures, calculating from these remains, must have been at least eleven feet high. Then we have the bones of the mastodon,

an animal smaller than the fossil elephant, but still larger than any living creature known to naturalists. These, together with many more gigantic remains, are tangible witnesses from mysterious ages—ages to which the mind of man only turns in bewildering imagination.

Here then, without entering the realms of speculation, without any guessing whatever, we have proof that human beings, eleven feet high, strolled around these large mountains of the West sometime cotemporary with their formation. And when this is so, who will say that they did not speculate in “feet” there long before Father Adam began to poke fun at the blushing Eve amid the “groves of blarney”—when this is so, who shall say that this earth may not again, after another sweeping change, give birth to and sustain another progressive swarm, long years after we, with all our vagary and vanity, shall have returned “to the vile dust from whence we sprung.”

Of course, we cannot determine with certainty the nature of those antediluvian steeple-like specimens of humanity, but we are lead to believe that they were more given to matrimony than to single blessedness, and that they, like their successors, labored earnestly for the propagation of their species. For who could think of remaining single up to the age of five hundred years, while huge young maidens by the hundred remained without husbands. However, if some of these strange men were disposed to remain single, their punishment must have been humiliating in the extreme, for, besides being deprived of the ordinary privileges of married men, to see the enormous noses

which the gigantic ladies of their day certainly possessed, turned up at them, must have been very severe punishment indeed, but mild enough it may be for an antediluvian old bachelor.

The foregoing being all mere conjecture, all that we can say now is, that notwithstanding their stature, they were men and women, and no doubt participated in the feelings common to all humanity, and so, of course, their huge noses may have been only too often turned up at their neighbor. The growth from a simple to a compound organization—from a moth to a mastodon, as we may say—is necessarily slow, being the result of what naturalists call “choice of selection.” This choice of selection is still going on silently, and sometimes unconsciously, for nature works blindly but spontaneously. He must indeed be a curious man, and one cut out exclusively for a disreputable old bachelor, who would not admire a bright, healthy eye, a portly figure, a neat foot and a well turned ankle, in a lady acquaintance; while, at the same time, she would not be a woman if she, in turn, did not admire a “well made man.” Not to speak of the rabbits and bears which, according to Widow Machree’s admirer, agree in couples and go in pairs, or of the little English male shrew mice, which murder each other in the spring about the sweetest and most interesting she, the very little birds among the boughs twitter and flirt and exercise this choice while mating in the spring. Naturalists tell us that where two little “roosters” are birdish enough to fall in love with one of the “female persuasion,” the little damsel coyly keeps both in suspense for some time, and then starts

them in to sing "Birdie won't you pet in my cage," turn about, and that he who sings it the sweetest is sure to become, for better for worse, her man of men. Musical attainments cannot, however, be the sole standard by which nature measures the creatures which she encourages to take part in the great progressive race, for the cow, which has never yet distinguished herself for melody, is made to march close up to the front rank, threatening, if she keeps on, to come up some day, in bulk and bones, to the mastodon standard. Lord Spencer and others have cleverly show, us how the cattle of England have, in the short space of three hundred years, increased nearly one-third in weight, beauty and stature. This, to be sure, was under the intelligent eye of man; but, although nature works blindly, she will quietly and slowly accomplish all that she can be brought to do quickly when guided by intelligence.

In following up this natural inclination to mate with something superior, we find, as before observed, that it extends to the human family, and that the countries wherein this choice, so natural in itself, could be exercised with the greatest freedom, have ever been the most enterprising, powerful and progressive. It was the free amalgamation of different races and tribes of men within their borders, that made ancient Rome "Mistress of the World," and modern England "Mistress of the Seas;" and the same free, but still more extensive amalgamation, at present going on in these United States, will one day make of America the controlling nation. With her free and fertile soil, free amalgamation and ever

ennobling institutions, there is no earthly power, political or moral, that can prevent America from becoming a dictator in the affairs of the world. With a naval station on the shore of the Mediterranean, and a steam fleet in the Baltic, within a few hours sail of the coast of Ireland, all Uncle Sam will have to do will be to play the old divide and conquer game. The democracy of Europe will stand by the stars and stripes; and in return, the star spangled banner will sustain the democracy of Europe. What a fate, my friends, awaits the old monarchies of Europe.

But in order that this shall be so, the great mass of the American people must see to it that the party in power maintains honestly and faithfully, the dignity, integrity and UNITY of the nation, and that the high tribunals of the land do not disgrace themselves by domestic party intrigues. Attend to this, men of America, and the career of your country will indeed be a glorious one. Neglect it, and continue to fanatically worship the political dragon which would gather in its deadly coil all the peace, beauty and promise of your country, and there will be an evil end to such mad party worship.

I have been led in to this brief lecture, partly because I love America and wish her to remain a beacon light to the oppressed of all nations, and partly because the American people are a *living* illustration of my theory. Besides being taller than the people of the Old World—than the people from whom they have sprung—they are smarter, shrewder, more enterprising and more inventive, and have fairly won the advance of all other nations in everything that is to revolutionize the world.

If we look toward the Old World—to England for example—we at once observe how easy it is to distinguish a “plebeian” from a peer of the realm, and how wide the chasm that there yawns between classes. There, living in the same land and breathing the same air, we find two classes of men, so distinct in their features and form that they might be mistaken for different races. The one is a tall, noble, intellectual looking set of men, in features, manners and mind not at all below the American standard; while the creatures that form the other class are as coarse, dumpy and degraded beings as could be found anywhere outside of the “fast anchored isle.” What has caused all this momentous difference in such a comparatively short space of time as the history of the English classes runs through? There is only one way by which we can fairly account for it: Money gradually circumscribed the range of free choice in marriage. Having to struggle for an existence, “Bill” was compelled to mate with “Biddy” because Miss Maria Matilda would not “stoop so low to lift so little.” Poor Biddy and Bill did their level best to live and propagate their species, but their offspring were not what they would have been had either had the chance to cohabit among a higher class of creatures.

Here, circumstances have deprived the parents of a free choice outside of a certain circle, and so posterity must suffer for their misfortune; and this is another and a very strong proof that circumstances control the creature. But we might still follow our reasoning down the English sliding scale until the range of choice becomes so very narrow that, in order to taste

at all of the pleasures of life, the gipsies and ballad-singers are compelled to mate with relations. The offspring of such a marriage must of course, according to nature's immutable law, be an idiot, or an imbecile creature at best. Hence we have in these old countries many born idiots, while we will look in vain for anything like a proportionate number in countries where amalgamation or a free choice of selection in marriage has full play. On the other hand, the ancestors of modern "blood and culture" were rich, and moving as they did in the "best circles," they had only to say to Miss Bouncer or Miss Beautiful "Come," and she would come quickly. So we have to-day men of "noble" and men of "plebian" blood, whose common origin no one can doubt. Which party has most iron or other traces of mother earth in their composition has never been satisfactorily settled, but it will not, I suppose, be disputed that all have sprung from the soil on which, as the case may be, they sweat or swagger. A free choice in marriage, untrammelled by religious prejudices or money matters, is undoubtedly the principal pillar of progress, and it should therefore be carefully encouraged. Nature says so, and we all know that nature cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

We have all heard, over and over again, how the Jews were "once" the superior and "chosen" race, and how they have contributed largely in their day toward the extermination of "inferiors," but whether they have continued to lead, in stature and intellect, the nations, or lagged behind in the progressive race, is for themselves to judge. For our part, seeing that

they have the good taste to worship within their synagogues, and to sensibly avoid all attempts at thrusting their opinions down the public throat, we would not let fall one word that would have the tendency to touch, irreverently, the religion or policy of that peculiar people. However, in order to be consistent, we cannot avoid reminding the Jew as well as the Gentile, that no matter how opposed, human progress is a current that cannot be stemmed. Struggle for power and even for existence as we may and must, still onward, ever onward, is progressive nature's first command; and therefore the party or race of men that wilfully retires from her advancing columns to seek the shade of prejudice and superstition, must in time, like puny plants in a forest when deprived of light and air, lose every impulse bordering on greatness.

And thus the inevitable gap about which we have been talking will be continually widening, while many honest, well-meaning men will be inveigled into assisting in works of uncharitableness by fat gentlemen of every faith, who think they have a right to make everybody do as they desire, and who know only too well how to tack on the Christian label to a wicked and spiteful work.

Patient reader, I ask your pardon for this broken and rambling production, in which, while writing much for my own amusement, I have said a great many things of set purpose for your benefit. If you are satisfied, then I am well pleased; but if you do not like my little book, I shall be very sorry, for the less you like it, the more I know you need it.

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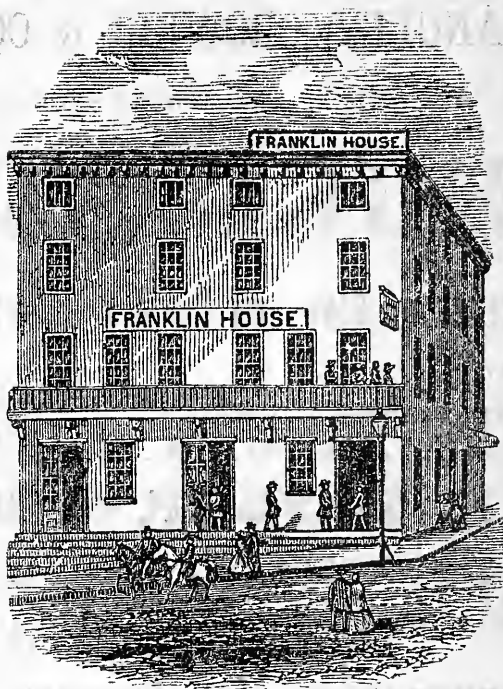
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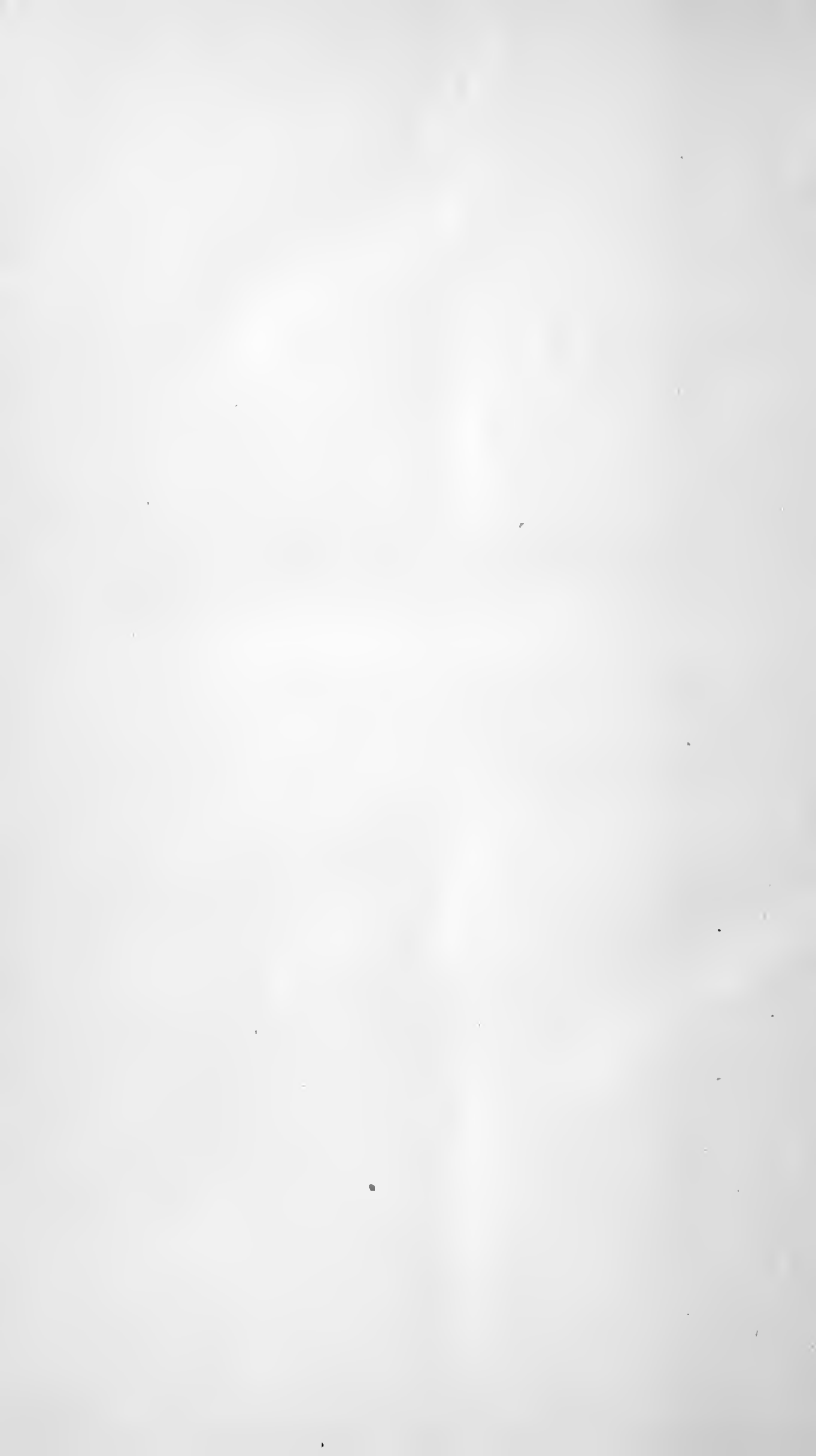
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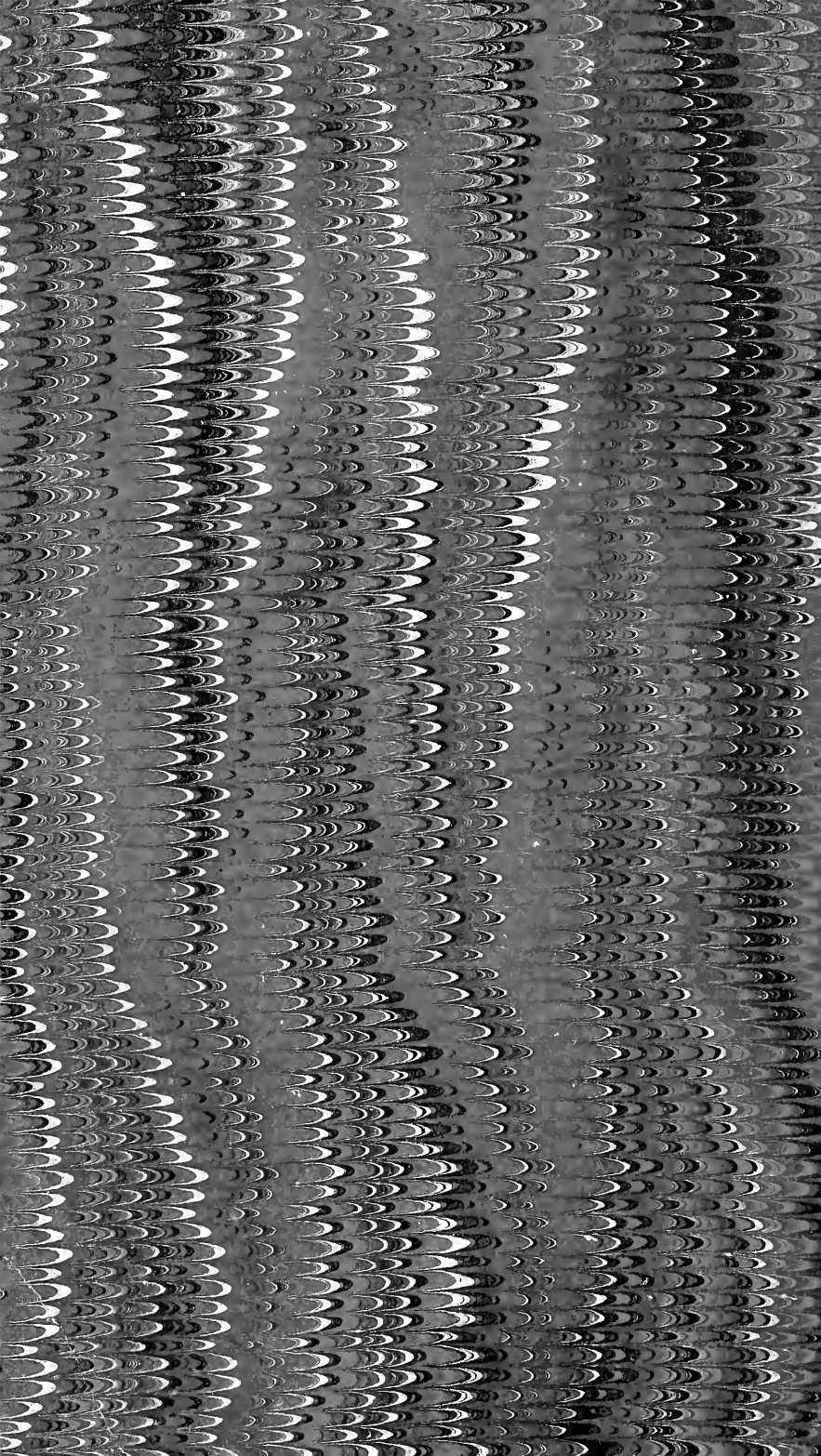
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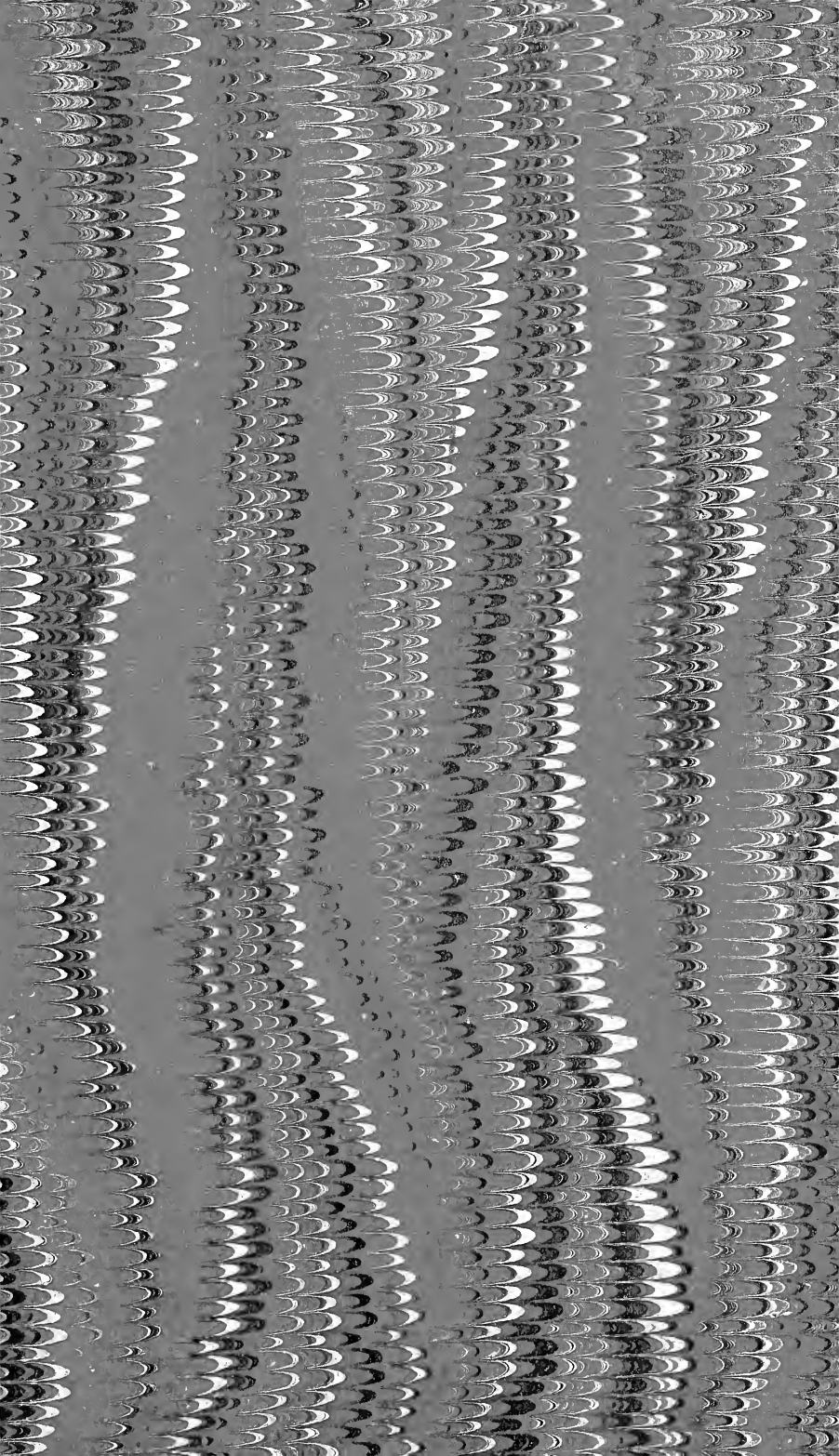
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